

AMONG THIS WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS

- Julia Annas is the joint author of *The Modes of Scepticism: Ancient texts and modern interpretations*, 1985. Sir Darrell Bates's most recent book, *The Fashoda Incident of 1898*, was published in 1984. Mary Beard is a Fellow of Newnham College, Cambridge, and joint author of *Rome in the Late Republic*, 1985. Aubrey Burl's books include *Megalithic Britain: A guide*, 1985. Stephen R. L. Clark is Professor of Philosophy at the University of Liverpool. His books include *The Moral Status of Animals*, 1977, and *The Nature of the Beast*, 1982. R. P. T. Davenport-Hines was joint winner in 1985 of the Wolfson Prize for his biography *Dudley Docker: The life and times of a trade warrior*, 1984. Lord Devlin's most recent book is *Essays on the Passing: The trial of Dr John Bodkin Adams*, 1985. Terry Eagleton's collection of essays *Against the Grain* was published last year. Roy Foster is Reader in History at Birkbeck College, University of London. His *Lord Randolph Churchill: A political life* was published in 1981. Peter Fowler is Professor of Archaeology at the University of Newcastle upon Tyne and Secretary to the Royal Commission on the Historical Monuments of England. Allan Gibbard is Professor of Philosophy at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. Felix Gilbert's books include *The Pope, His Banker and Venice*, which was published in 1973. Paul Glaberg is the author of *Danielle Main and the Venetian Revolution of 1848-49*, 1979. Julie Hankley is joint General Editor of the Bristol Classical Press Plays in Performance series. Her theatre-historical edition of *Othello* will appear in the series later this year. John Henderson is a Wellcome Trust Fellow at the Cambridge Group for the History of Population and Social Structure. He is currently writing a book on the plague in sixteenth-century Italy. Bruce Hepburn is a medical practitioner in Surrey. Geoffrey A. Hosking is Professor of Russian History at the School of Slavonic Studies, University of London. His *History of the Soviet Union* was published in 1985. Kenneth Ingham is Professor of History at the University of Bristol. His most recent book is *Jan Christian Smuts: The conscience of a South African*, 1986. Arthur Jacobs is the author of *Arthur Sullivan: A Victorian musician*, 1984, which was reissued in paperback last year. Martin Kemp is Professor of Fine Arts at the University of St Andrews and author of *Leonardo da Vinci: The man and his work*, 1981. David Lehmann's books include *Ecology and Exchange in the Andes*, which was published in 1982. Don Locke is Professor of Philosophy at the University of Warwick, and the author of *A Fantasy of Reason: The life and thought of William Goldwin*, 1980. Vivian Nutton is Historian for the Wellcome Institute for the History of Medicine, and editor of *Galen: Problems and prospects*, 1981. Stuart Piggott is an Honorary Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. His *William Stukeley: An eighteenth-century antiquary* was published in an enlarged and revised edition in 1985. Lois Potter is Senior Lecturer in English at the University of Leicester, and the General Editor of Volumes One and Four of *Revels History of Drama in English*. Michael Rafter was Director of the British Archaeological Expedition to Bahrain and Director of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq. Margaritha Russell is the author of *Visions of the Sea: Hendrick C. Vroom and the origins of Dutch Marine painting*, 1984. Eric Savas is the author of *Brahms Songs*, 1972. His edition of *Edmond Ionesco* was published last year. J. Schapera is Emeritus Professor of Anthropology at the University of London. He is the editor of *The Bantu-Speaking Tribes of South Africa*, 1937. John Stokes is Lecturer in English at the University of Warwick. His publications include *Oscar Wilde*, 1978.

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

Competition No 317
Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office no later than March 13. The solution and results will appear on March 20.

1 The divine took his seat at the breakfast-table, and began to compose his spirits by the gentle sedative of a large cup of tea, the demulcent of a well-buttered muffin, and the tonic of a small lobster.

2 On a mid-December day, frying sausages

for myself, I abruptly

felt under fingers

thirty years younger the rim

of a steering-wheel.

on my cheek the parching wind

of an August noon,

as passenger beside me

You as then you were.

3 At that time the vegetables called peas were exceedingly scarce, and cost six-and-twenty shillings a quart.

"There are two hundred quarts of peas," said the old fellow, winking with bloodshot eyes, and a laugh that was perfectly frightful. They were consumed with the fragrant ducks, by those who were inclined: or with the venison, which now came in.

Competition No 311

Winner: James Hamilton

Answers:

1 Mr Lurchman went into the sitting-room and lay down on the sofa. He watched an insect struggling to escape from the bowl-shaped lightshade. Scores of dead insects darkened its base. The trapped insect whirled its wings desperately, struggling up the sides of the bowl but always slipping back and never quite able to reach the rim. Its journey up the side became steadily shorter and the wings whirled with decreasing effect and conviction. Now and again it made a spurt with something of its former energy, but with less and less frequency. Finally, it surrendered and with its wings spread out crawled lethargically over the heap of already dead and charred insects. Soon, that too ceased and with a final defiant flap of wings, it settled down, ceasing altogether to move, and died.

Shiva Naipaul, *Fireflies*, part 1, chapter 2.

2 "I heard of a villa to-day," Richard began. "It's at

the other end of the lake, near Forno. Hehehehe said he believed it must be the place which an English novelist -"

Reggie's interest prompted interruption.

"Raynor, he means. He wrote *Fireflies* then.

Have you read *Fireflies*, Mrs Kurt?"

"I don't think so. What was it about?"

"Don't think so?" There was an ironical smile

Reggie's laugh. "It's only one of the best novels

our time."

"I thought you didn't read prose."

Stephen Hudson, *A True Story*, part 4, chapter

3 And the dear, dear fireflies waiting in between

And over the swaying corn-stalks, just above

All the dark-feathered helmets, like little green

Stars come low and wandering here for love

Of these dark knights, shedding their delicate sheen

D. H. Lawrence, *"Fireflies in the Corn"*.

Competition No 312

Winner: J. H. F. Wheeler

Answers:

1 so one grandsummer evening, after a great month and his good supper of gammon and spilt milk, having flabellied his eyes, pilloled his nostrils, vaticinated his ears and palliumed his throats, he put on his impermeable, seized his impugnable, harped on his crown and stepped out of his immobile *De Rure Alla*.

James Joyce, *Finnegans Wake*, The Moores and the Grips.

2 I shoved the timber ope wi' my amoplet;

And in vestibulo, I' the lobby to-wit,

(Jacobi Facciolati's rendering, sir),

Donn'd galligaskins, antigropeloes,

And so forth; and complete with hat and gloves,

One on and one a-dangle i' my hand,

And ombrifuge (Lord love you!), case o' rain,

I flopp'd forth, 'buddidkins! on my own tea sae.

C. S. Calverley, *"The Cock and the Bull"*.

3 See and Saw, and Sacch'ry Down,

London is a gallant town!

Now he gathers riches in,

Thicker, faster, pin by pin;

Pins apiece to see his show,

Boys and girls flock row by row;

From their clothes the pins they take,

Risk a whipping for his sake;

From their clothes the pins they pull

To fill Namby's cushion full.

Henry Carey, *"Nanby-Panby"*.

TLS Classified

To place advertisements write or telephone:

Colin Ferris, The Classified Department, The Times Literary Supplement
Priory House, St. John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX Tel: 01-253 3000 Telex: 264971.

Rates: Classified Display - £10.15 p sec, Classified Linage - £2.00 per line. Minimum 3 lines - £6.00. Box number - £2.00.
Copy deadline: Classified display and Linage: Monday 10.00am in week of publication.

Librarians

MAP SPECIALIST

...to join the automated cataloguing unit to assist with exhibitions; to answer enquiries; and to undertake relief duties of Superintendent of the Students Room in the National Map Library of Great Britain.

You must have a professional library qualification and/or experience in the cartographic field. A degree or equivalent qualification in geography or history would normally be expected and a working knowledge of one or more Western European foreign languages is desirable.

Salary as Director Grade B £10,480-£13,405.

For further details and an application form (to be returned by 18 March 1987) write to Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants RG21 1JH, or telephone Basingstoke (0256) 468861 (answering service operates outside office hours). Please quote ref: 0(5)888.

An equal opportunity employer

The British Library

Personal

DRAWING DOWN THE MOON
THE STUDENTS AND SUPERINTENDENT
STUDENT ROOMS IN THE NATIONAL MAP
LIBRARY OF GREAT BRITAIN.
Phone: Mary Bellamy for your free
copy of the prospectus.
Sheffield City Centre, 100
Dunelm Road, Sheffield S1 2NP.
Tel: 0114 253 3000.

Lectures & Meetings

**Past and Present
Open Meeting
Spring 1987**

FRANCIS HASKELL

Images of History

5.30pm - Wednesday 4 March

1987.

Lecture Theatre, Institute

of Archaeology, 31-34 Gower

Street, London, WC1E 6JF.

Followed by discussion.

Chairman:

ANTHONY FAJEN.

Everybody welcome. Wine

will be served after the

meeting.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LON-

DON GOWENLOCK, WC1E

6.30pm - The Barlow Lecture

on Dante by Professor Maria

Cotter, University of York

6.30pm - The Barlow Lecture

on Dante by Professor Maria

Cotter, University of York

6.30pm - The Barlow Lecture

on Dante by Professor Maria

Cotter, University of York

6.30pm - The Barlow Lecture

on Dante by Professor Maria

Cotter, University of York

Books & Prints

KLENNETT WORLDWIDE BOOK
SERVICE free C.O.D. Book-
search, UK and US. Personal
attention. Free search.
Franklin, Cott, York
Cross, St. Simon, York
Tel: 01904 6072.

NEILA PAYNE finds books.
Abridges, bookshops, St. High
St. Abingdon, Oxford.

FOR YOUR STATEBIDE BOOK
Needs, write or phone:
BOOK CALL, c/o New Ca-
sion Bookshop, 39 Elm St.,
New Canaan CT 06840 USA.
203-866-3410. Mail orders
welcome.

AMERICAN Out-of-Print.
Free search, sterling cheques
accepted. Brennan Books,
Box 8062, Salt Lake City,
Utah 84108, USA.

USED BOOK CATALOGUE.
SOCIAL HISTORY, 8 and 22p
stamps to Holcombe, 3 North
Lane, Canterbury CT1 7EN.

PHILOSOPHY Catalogue from
Quilichini Bookshop, 28 York
St., Twickenham TW1 3JZ.

ARAS WORLD - CENTRAL
ARIA. Rare and out-of-
print books. Catalogues
available David Loman Ltd.
12, Suffolk Road, London
SW11 5NB. Tel: 01-728

ENGLISH & American
academic and general book
supplied by post. S. Benard,
14 Rochester Road, Aving-
ton, Kent ME20 7BJ, Eng-
land.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. Bookbind-
ing, L. Chambers, Chris-
tie's, Incunabula, Palaeogra-
phy, Private Presses, Sale,
Exonography, List 20, C. W.
Forester, 103 Stamford Hill,
N16 6TE.

ACQUARIAN BOOKSELL-
ers. Lists with catalogue and
graph letters, M88, etc. by
email and e-mail. English
authors. Acquisitions.
Botters, 103 Stamford Hill,
N16 6TE.

CD REVIEW DIGEST. The in-
ternational index, with ex-
tracts of reviews, music
recorded, on tape, and
over 300. Coverage of
Quarterly, 1985, 1986, 1987.
Box 248, 103 Stamford Hill,
N16 6TE, USA.

Book Fairs

GREENWICH BOOK FAIR.
Borough Hall, Royal Hill,
Sunday 1st March 11.30-3.30.
Antiquarian and second-hand
books for sale by 50 booksellers.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED BY
CLIENTS and professional
on electronic 170. Drafts
1174.

© TIMES NEWSPAPERS
LIMITED 1987

Published by Times Newspapers
Limited, P.O. Box 1, 200 Gray's
Inn Road, London WC1X 9EH. Re-
served and printed by Northampton
Mercury Co. Ltd. Upper Alpha
Road, Northampton NN1 5RN. First
published February 20, 1987. Registered
with the Copyright Commission.
0807-561X.

TLS Listings

Secretarial Vacancy

The TLS is looking for a part-
time (mornings only) secretary
indexer, to take responsibility
for preparing the weekly TLS
Listings of new and forthcoming
books, classified by subject.

The person appointed is likely
to have a good degree, and to
be skilled with word-processing.
Some relevant experience, for
example in a library or publish-
ing house, would be an advan-
tage.

Hours: 9.30-1.00.

Six weeks holiday.

Salary about £4,500 p.a.

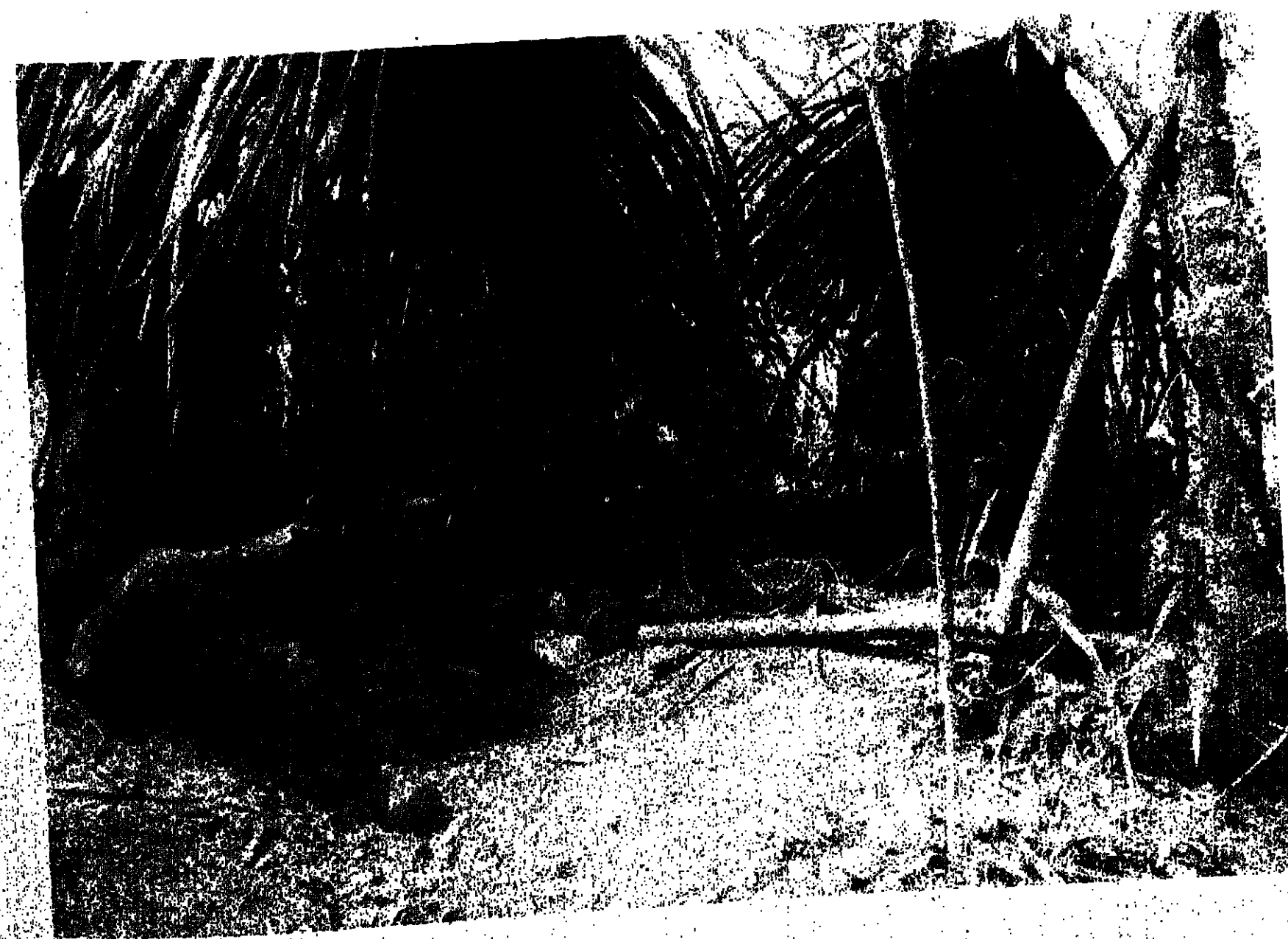
Applications should be sent to

the Editor, TLS, Priory House,

St. John's Lane, London

EC1M 4BX, to arrive by

February 27.



Miscellaneous

Marian Volunteers for Service

An opportunity to dedicate a year (Sept. - June) of your life to voluntary service in

- Care of the handicapped, the aged, the homeless.

- Anti-racism.

- Forming Christian Community with other volunteers.

- Daily Eucharist and Prayer of the Church.

- Recreational.

- Catholic women aged between 19 and 25 years.

- Good mental and physical health.

- A spirit of generosity and willingness to serve others.

- A sense of responsibility and to be people can be entrusted to your care.

If you are interested, contact:

Sister Frances Segue, S.M.C.

Marian Volunteer Secretary

S. Mary's Convent

Rockingham

London SW15 4JA

Tel: 01-781 1171



A Commentary on Jean-Paul Sartre's *Critique of Dialectical Reason*

Volume 1: Theory of Practical Ensembles

JOSEPH S. CATALANO

Catalano's commentary on the first volume of the *Critique* restores it to its deserved place in philosophical discourse.

£35.50 Cloth 352pp 0-226-09700-5
£14.25 Paper 0-226-09701-3

The Politics of Linguistics

FREDERICK J. NEWMYER

Newmyer surveys two centuries of debate over autonomy in linguistics.

£21.25 Cloth 216pp 0-226-57720-1

The Politics of Mirth

Jonson, Herrick, Milton, Marvell and the Defense of Old Holiday Pastimes

LEAH S. MARCUS

Marcus's study demonstrates a remarkable politicizing of popular festival during the early Stuart period and beyond.

£25.75 Cloth 328pp 0-226-50451-4

Long Term Factors in American Growth

edited by Stanley L. Engerman & Robert E. Gallman

This NBER study looks at the historical process of economic change in nineteenth and twentieth-century U.S., Canada and British West Indies.

£71.25 Cloth 696pp 0-226-20928-8

The Converse of the Pen

Acts of Intimacy in the Eighteenth-Century Familiar Letter

BRUCE REDFORD

Provides the first sustained investigation of the eighteenth-century familiar letter as a literary form in its own right.

£24.95 Cloth 216pp 0-226-70678-8
£10.75 Paper 0-226-70679-6

Cities of Clay

The Geoarchaeology of Tells

ARLENE MILLER ROSEN

Rosen's book offers a new approach to the problem of the tell or urban mound.

£19.50 Cloth 280pp 0-226-72626-6
£7.95 Paper 0-226-72627-4

Atlantic Double-Cross

American Literature and British Influence in the Age of Emerson

ROBERT WEISBUCH

Portrays the rise of American literary nationalism as a self-conscious effort to resist the contemporary British influence.

£26.75 Cloth 386pp 0-226-89149-6

The Times Literary Supplement

February 27 1987 Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX

Contents

ANTHROPOLOGY 224, ART AND LITERATURE 216, AUTOBIOGRAPHY 203-5, ENGLISH HISTORY 219, ENGLISH LITERATURE 217-18, ESSAYS 204, FICTION 206-7, FRENCH HISTORY 220, GARDENING 225, GREECE 211, PHILOSOPHY 221-2, POLITICS 209-10, RELIGION 223, SOCIAL STUDIES 208

- DAVID LODGE *Anthony Burgess: Little Wilson and Big God* 203-4
ANNA GRIMSHAW *Buchi Emecheta: Head Above Water* 204
PHILIP OAKES *Paul Scott: My Appointment with the Muse - Essays, 1961-75*
T. R. Fyfe: *And There My Trouble Began - Uncollected writings 1945-1985* 204
Harry Daley: *This Small Cloud - A personal memoir* 205
Louise Erdrich: *The Beet Queen* 206
David Leavitt: *The Last Language of Cranes* 206
Laurie Colvin: *Another Marvelous Thing* 206
Sylvia Murphy: *The Life and Times of Barly Beach* 206
Aharon Appelfeld: *To the Land of the Reeds* 207
Ivan Angelo: *The Tower of Glass* 207
Omar Rivabella: *Requiem for a Woman's Soul* 207
Alfred W. Crosby: *Ecological Imperialism - The biological expansion of Europe 900-1900* 208
Gerald M. Sider: *Culture and Class in Anthropology and History - A Newfoundland illustration* 208
José Ramos-Horta: *Funu - The unfinished saga of East Timor* 209-10
Norman Oelb: *The Berlin Wall* 210
Richard Cottrell: *Blood on their Hands - The killing of Ann Chapman* 211
Yiannis Manolikas: *Eleftheros Venizelos - His unknown life* 211
The great reproduction 212
The Periodicals: *Cyphers* 212
T. S. Eliot plaque 212
Fifty Years On 212
Author, Author 212
Letters on Animal Rights, 'Conspiracy of Silence', 'Road to Victory', etc 213
- Commentary
Leo Tolstoy/Robert David Macdonald: *Anna Karenina* (Citizens' Theatre, Glasgow) 214
Arthur Miller: *A View from the Bridge* (Cottesloe Theatre) 214
Edward Albee: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (Young Vic) 214
Arnold Wesker: *Yardsale and Whatever Happened to Betty Lemon* (Lyric Studio, Hammersmith) 214
Gothic (various cinemas) 215
The Belle of Amherst (ITV) 215
Bedřich Smetana: *The Devil's Work* (Bloomsbury Theatre) 215
- Morton D. Paley: *The Apocalyptic Sublime* 216
Samuel Palmer: *The Parting Light - Selected writings* 216
Helen Toplis: *Tom Roberts, 1856-1931 - A catalogue raisonné* 216
Stan Smith: *Edward Thomas* 217
Michael Kirkham: *The Imagination of Edward Thomas* 217
Catherine W. Reilly: *English Poetry of the Second World War - A bibliography* 217
Victor Selwyn (Editor): *Poems of the Second World War - The Oasis selection* 217
Iain Fialason: *Writers in Romney Marsh* 217
Simon Vacey: *Henry Fielding* 218
James J. Lynch: *Henry Fielding and the Hellodoran Novel - Romance, epic, and Fielding's new province of writing* 218
Janet Todd: *Sensibility - An introduction* 218
J. A. V. Chapple: *Science and Literature in the Nineteenth Century* 218
To the Hungarians (poem) 218
C. Warren Hollister: *Monarchy, Magnates and Institutions in the Anglo-Norman World* 218
Marjorie Keniston McIntosh: *Autonomy and Community - The royal manor of Haverling, 1200-1500* 218
Nigel Saul: *Scenes from Provincial Life - Knights families in Sussex, 1280-1400* 219
Trevor Rowley: *The High Middle Ages, 1200-1550* 219
Jack Ravensdale: *The Domesday Inheritance* 219
David Garrick: *Neighbourhood and Community in Paris 1740-1790* 219
Jacques-Louis Monét: *Journal of My Life* 220
Carol Blum: *Rousseau and the Republic of Virtue - The language of politics in the French Revolution* 220
Maurice Cranston: *Philosophers and Pamphleteers - Political theorists of the Enlightenment* 220
Jeremy Black: *Natural and Necessary Enemies - Anglo-French relations in the eighteenth century* 220
Crispin Wright: *Realism, Meaning and Truth* 221-2
Anthony Appiah: *For Truth in Semantics* 221-2
Jules Vuillemin: *What Are Philosophical Systems?* 222
Ernst Tugendhat: *Self-consciousness and Self-determination* 222
Peter Carruthers: *Introducing Persons - Theories and arguments in the philosophy of mind* 222
Paul Avis: *Ecumenical Theology and the elusiveness of doctrine* 223
Christian Duquoc: *Provisional Churches* 223
T. O. Beldeman: *Moral Imagination in Kaguru Modes of Thought* 224
James Clifford and George E. Marcus (Editors): *Writing Culture - The poetics and politics of ethnography* 224
The Flood of Silence (poem) 224
Brent Elliott: *Victorian Gardens* 225
Roy Strong: *Creating Small Gardens* 225
Stefan Buczacki: *Growing Rules for Gardeners - A practical guide to garden ecology* 225
Patrick Goode and Michael Lancaster (Editors): *The Oxford Companion to Gardens* 225
Michael Chalmers: *Garden Crayp - Crayples* 225
TLS Listings 226-9
Among this week's contributors 227
Index of books reviewed 227

Cover picture

East Timor: three FRETILIN guerrillas in territory held by the resistance movement. Their weapons were most probably captured from the Indonesian army.

The schoolboy's heaven, the novelist's hell

David Lodge

ANTHONY BURGESS
Little Wilson and Big God
460pp, Heinemann, £12.95.
043408191

Anthony Burgess hardly knew his mother, who died in circumstances as poignant and dramatic as any novelist could invent. His father, waiting to be demobbed from the Army in 1919, came home to Manchester on leave to find his wife and daughter corpses, victims of Spanish flu, while his infant son lay burbling in his cot. The father, Burgess suspects, subconsciously resented his son's survival, and sought to shuffle off parental responsibility on the widow he married a few years later. She was the busy landlady of the pub where he played the bar piano, with two grown-up daughters of her own, and little time or love to spare for her stepson. There was no Oedipal phase in Burgess's childhood, and he grew up to regret the absence of passion and tenderness in his family relationships - the "emotional coldness that was established then and which, apart from other faults, has marred my work". It is, I suppose, true that, for all their energy and gusto, Burgess's novels are somewhat lacking in emotional warmth, though it is not a judgment I should have presumed to make. That he has made it himself is typical of this unflinchingly candid autobiography.

It is the first instalment of a two-part work, and takes us up to Burgess's decision (for very special, not to say melodramatic reasons) to become a full-time writer at the age of forty-two. He conceived the idea of writing it while waiting gloomily for a plane in New York, partly to forestall two other self-nominated biographers, partly because he had just torn up a hundred and seventy pages of a new novel, partly because, as he approached three score years and ten, he was becoming increasingly aware of his mortality (some young people in Minneapolis, a few days earlier, had been surprised to find him still alive). He predicts that the second volume, provisionally entitled *You've Had Your Time*, will bring his literary career to an end ("it started late, but there are many capacious critics who think it has gone on too long").

Whether or not this prediction proves correct (I shall be surprised and sorry if it does), there is no doubt that novelists are well advised to postpone the writing of their autobiography

as long as possible. It is somewhat disingenuous of Burgess to pretend that their lives are of little interest. To their readers (of whom Burgess has a considerable number) they are of intense interest. This interest seems to be a legacy of the Romantic poetic of literature as self-expression, which the critical counter-revolutions of our time (the modernist cult of "impersonality", the post-structuralist declaration of the Death of the Author) have hardly dislodged. The curiosity readers feel about the human source of the novel they hold in their hands is something that the media and the literary market-place eagerly exploit - through interviews, profiles, meet-the-author events, and so on. Most writers collaborate in these activities either out of vanity or to sell their books, but usually with a degree of anxiety. They recognize that public interest in themselves is a double-edged tribute, which may demote their work to the status of a mere mask or cover for the "real" person. The most frequent question addressed to authors is, "How far is your work autobiographical?" There are dangers in answering it.

An autobiography is, of course, a kind of fiction, and can conceal as much as it reveals. (Graham Greene, for instance, has published two volumes of autobiography that are masterpieces of self-concealment.) But Burgess has not followed this path. He has let it all hang out - not only emptied his pockets, but pulled out the linings, revealing, inevitably, some unseemly debris. This autobiography is subtitled "Being the first part of the Confessions of Anthony Burgess", and certainly gives the impression of being a truthful and unvarnished account of his life. It is not, to be sure, a spiritual or psychological masterpiece to be compared with the confessions of St Augustine and Rousseau, but it is a fascinating and remarkably courageous book, self-critical but not falsely modest. It is also wonderfully entertaining, stuffed with marvellous anecdotes. Some of them, inevitably, have already found their way into Burgess's novels.

Faced with two versions of the same story, one historical and one fictional, most people in our inveterately empiricist culture will tend to regard the former as more "real", hence more meaningful; but the novelist is someone who believes the opposite - otherwise he wouldn't go to the trouble of writing fiction. These fictions, however, have the superficial appearance of the historical, and the novelist works his effect partly by concealing the seams that join what he has experienced to what he has

researched or invented. To publish one's autobiography is an invitation to literal-minded readers to unpick the stitching.

Readers of Burgess's most recent novel, *The Planoplayers*, for instance, will recognize in *Little Wilson and Big God* several incidents, like the death of the mother, that appear virtually unaltered in the novel, and will readily perceive where he has used and where departed from the facts of his own relationship, as a child, with his piano-playing father. There is a risk that the life-history of the novel's female narrator will seem more far-fetched than it already does by comparison with the autobiography. The rest of his *oeuvre* is, however, less likely to suffer by cross-checking against the autobiography - partly because it is already settled and established in our minds as literary fiction, and partly because, taken as a whole, it is above all remarkable for its fertility of invention. Burgess's (in order of composition) fifth novel, *The Right to an Answer*, he records here, almost wholly invented. "That I could invent was the final proof, to me, that I had not mistaken my vocation." It took him, however, a long time to discover it.

The name "Anthony Burgess" is itself a fiction, thinly disguising the identity of John Burgess Wilson, who took Anthony as his confirmation name. This is a pious custom of the Roman Catholic Church, in which the young John Wilson was brought up. His father was a Catholic of recusant stock, though somewhat wayward (he once entered a church wearing his hat and smoking a cigarette, under the impression that it was a pub, a more habitual place of resort). His stepmother had married into the Dwyers, a staunchly Catholic family of Manchester Irish who produced George Patrick Dwyer, Bishop of Leeds and later Archbishop of Birmingham. Anthony Burgess (as I will continue to call him) attended Catholic schools, and although he subsequently lapsed from the Church this education marked his work almost as indelibly as it did the work of his master, James Joyce. Some slightly impatient asides suggest that he still considers himself a more authentically Catholic writer than literary converts like Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene.

Burgess's memoirs of a Catholic childhood are vivid and often painfully funny. There was the primary school ruled over by Sister Ignatius, "a sort of Lancashire fishwife got up as a nun. She conducted morning prayers as though crying fresh halibut. Prayers were lengthy and

featured the Virgin Mary more than her Son or the great fuming dyspeptic God who raged round his punishment laboratory." Burgess moved on to St Xavier's College, whose headmaster, Brother Martin, "mercurial, capricious, unpredictable and dangerous", bore more than a passing resemblance to that image of God the Father. Boys awaiting corporal punishment were made to stand with their hands above their heads at assembly, inducing delirium. Burgess was expelled for insubordination and readmitted after a bribe.

The atmosphere of religious guilt and punishment inevitably coloured the young boy's attitude to sex. He was initiated into its pleasures very early, at the age of ten or eleven, by a succession of servant girls who shared his attic bedroom. One encouraged him to fondle her breasts, another got into bed with him in the middle of a thunderstorm and taught him "what heaven was. A heaven meriting hell: the devil's heaven. I now had to face confession." The scandalized priest beat at the grille with a rolled-up newspaper (he had been covertly reading the racing pages) and demanded the young sinner's name. Burgess had the guts to invoke the anonymity of the confessional. It wasn't long before he was enjoying "a shallow variety of the sin of Sodom" with another nubile maid. At fifteen he picked up a young Protestant girl at the cinema and stretched out naked with her on the floor of her scruffy living room. A future novelist's eye noted a soiled sanitary towel under a chair. The rapturous "heaven" of a disrobed female body, embraced in squalid surroundings, is a leit-motif of Burgess's erotic life, reaching its apotheosis in the beds of the East: perhaps a metonymic displacement of Catholic guilt about the "dirty" act on to its context. Meanwhile, his sexual apprenticeship proceeded. A matronly SEXA lecturer, encountered at the Manchester public library, took the schoolboy Burgess home and instructed him in contraception, sexual technique and the rudiments of dialectical materialism, on the rug in front of her gas fire.

This adventurous adolescence did not lead to a sexually fulfilled early manhood. At Manchester University, nice girls didn't. Sex was "dirty or impersonal or both" - and in short supply, until Burgess met and fell in love with a student called Llewellyn ("Lynne") Jones. She too had been precociously initiated into sex, at the age of fourteen. Their engagement and subsequent marriage, which lasted till Lynne's death in 1968, was unconventional to say the

CAMBRIDGE

Brentano and Intrinsic Value

RODERICK CHISHOLM

A critical exposition of Franz Brentano's theory of intrinsic value and its place in his general philosophical system. The author gives a detailed account of Brentano's ontology, showing how he tried to secure objectivity for ethics through his theory of the intentional objects of emotions and desires.

119 pp. 0 521 26437 5 Hard covers £17.50 net
0 521 26989 X Paperback £6.50 net

Modern European Philosophy

The Construction of Reality

MICHAEL A. ARBIB and MARY B. HESSE

Based on the Gifford Lectures delivered by the authors in 1983, this book presents a systematic and integrated understanding of the human knowledge of reality. The authors show how social reality is constructed within a community, and beyond that, how knowledge of physical reality and of God is possible.

298 pp. 0 521 32689 3 £25.00 net

Hispaniae

Spain and the Development of Roman Imperialism, 218-82 BC

J. S. RICHARDSON

This book traces the beginnings and the first 140 years of the Roman presence in Spain, showing how what began as a purely military commitment developed into a range of civilian activities, including taxation and the founding of both Roman and native settlements. Thus the book is of major importance to an understanding of the spread of Roman power in this period throughout the Mediterranean world.

230 pp. 0 521 32183 2 £25.00 net

The Logic of Writing and the Organization of Society

JACK GOODY

This book assesses the impact of writing on human societies, both in the Ancient Near East and in contemporary Africa, and highlights some general features of social systems that have been influenced by this major change in the mode of communication.

228 pp. 0 521 32745 8 Hard covers £20.00 net
0 521 33962 6 Paperback £6.95 net

The Spinners and Weavers of Auffy

Rural Industry and the Sexual Division of Labor in a French Village 1750-1850

GAYL GULLICKSON

Gay Gullickson's book focuses on the sexual division of labour and the economic role of women in the French cottage cotton industry. Her subtle account shows how essential knowledge of the role of women is to a proper understanding of the proto-industrial era.

266 pp. 0 521 32280 4 £27.50 net

The State and Poverty in India

The Politics of Reform

ATUL KOHLI

Dr Kohli's comparative study of three state-level governments in India focuses on the importance of political parties in influencing welfare politics in a political party in influencing welfare politics in a democratic capitalist setting. His analysis raises crucial issues relating to the state in the developing world and the problems of effecting genuine redistributive reform.

272 pp. 0 521 32008 9 £25.00 net

Cambridge South Asian Studies 37

Coalitional Behaviour in Theory and Practice

An Inductive Model for Western Europe

Edited by GEOFFREY PRIDHAM

This examination of the neglected area of coalition politics presents and applies an inductive model for coalition behaviour based on the hypothesis of political parties as the central actors. The focus is on the continuous and dynamic process of coalition behaviour rather than confined to coalition formation.

333 pp. 0 521 30537 3 £27.50 net

Vlasov and the Russian Liberation Movement 1941-1945

CATHERINE ANDREYEV

This book is a history of the attempts by Soviet citizens to create an anti-Soviet Liberation Movement during World War II. The Movement's aims and leadership and its relationship to Nazi Germany are all analysed within the context not merely of wartime but of pre-war Soviet and Russian émigré society.

265 pp. 0 521 30545 4 £25.00 net

Soviet and East European Studies

Latin America and the Comintern, 1919-1943

MANUEL CABALLERO

This study of the relations between Latin America and the Third (Communist) International analyses the peripheral position occupied by Latin America in the organisation's doctrinal formulations and the modest role assigned to Latin America in the world revolution.

224 pp. 0 521 32581 1 £25.00 net

Cambridge Latin American Studies 60

Cambridge University Press

The Edinburgh Building, Shaftesbury Road, Cambridge CB2 2RU, England.

least, neither party demanding or expecting sexual fidelity from the other. The stormy history of this relationship runs like a dark thread through the rest of the narrative.

Burgess read English at Manchester because he didn't have the physics qualification required to read music, his first choice. He had wanted to be a composer ever since he was thirteen, and taught himself to play and transcribe with a little help from his pianist father. Attending Hallé concerts and listening to all kinds of music on the radio, from Schoenberg to Joe Loss, were formative experiences of his early life. It was years before he reluctantly surrendered the ambition to earn his living as a composer, and even so it determined his choice of an alternative vocation: "the novel, the only literary genre for failed symphonists."

The bridge between these two art forms was James Joyce. When Burgess announced his disenchantment with Catholicism in the sixth form at St Xavier's (the chaplain said it was a case of little Wilson and big God) a lay master recommended that he read *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, perhaps anticipating that the hell-fire sermon would frighten him back into conformity, which indeed it did. By the time he went to university, however, Burgess, like Stephen Dedalus, had lapsed again, this time for good. He had also read *Ulysses* and soon acquired *Finnegans Wake*.

Out of the ditch

Anna Grimshaw

BUCHI EMECHETA
Head Above Water
243pp. Ogunwaju Afo, 7 Briston Grove,
London N8. £12.50 (paperback), Fontana,
£3.50.
0006541356

With great exuberance, I showed my "brainchild" to my husband. He at first did not want to read the manuscript, because, he said, "You don't know much, so how can you write a story?" Nonetheless I pleaded with him to read it. He did so secretly and his reaction was to burn it. He was still burning the last pages when I came into the room from Queen's Crescent where I had been shopping.

This traumatic episode, recounted by Buchi Emecheta in her autobiography, *Head Above Water*, was a turning-point in her life. It put an end to her domestic dreams of marriage and motherhood and marked the beginning of her struggle to establish herself as a writer. *Head Above Water* charts this course.

The book deals primarily with Emecheta's twenty-year stay in England, but opens with a brief description of her Nigerian childhood and youth. She was already distanced from village life and exposed to the "New Thing" in the city where the mixture of European and indigenous traditions often produced bizarre results. For example, she grew up in the shadow of Lorlu of Burma, widely feared owing to his proclivity for kidnapping bad husbands: it was not until much later that she learned about the wartime activities of Lord (Louis) Mountbatten of Burma.

In 1962 Emecheta joined her husband in England; but unfortunately he was a ne'er-do-well and she was forced to leave him and assume sole responsibility for providing for their five children. Despite poverty, she managed to raise her family as well as acquire an education. She never became part of the "immigrant" work-force, securing instead a series of library posts and studying part-time for a sociology degree.

Breakthrough and recognition of her writing came with the publication of articles in the *New Statesman* about life at Pussy Cat Mansions - a dilapidated London council estate, housing "problem" families - and these articles were later collected into a volume entitled *In the Ditch*. Emecheta wrote about her own social reality; about what she knew and what she had experienced. This perspective gave her novels a striking honesty and directness. She followed this literary success with a string of thinly disguised pieces of autobiography: *Second-Class Citizen*, *The Bride Price* and *The Slave Girl*.

But *Head Above Water* may have been made redundant by the novels. It is curiously empty and lacks the detail and sensitivity of Emecheta's earlier work. In it there are many indications that in her eagerness to get on, she has cut herself off from the milieu which so stimulated and developed her creative talent. This is particularly evident in the only section of the book which compels interest: Emecheta's encounter with black youth in the Harrow Road area. She had managed to live in London for ten years without being aware of black settlement (African, Asian and West Indian) or the growth of a political movement. Her description in *Head Above Water* of The Seventies youth club and the Dashiki self-help project, where she worked for a period, is a damning indictment of black middle-class attempts to control rebellious black adolescents. Her writing on black youth fails to convey the camaraderie between the women of Pussy Cat Mansions which permeated *In the Ditch*. Her perspective has changed: she is no longer part of a community, but appointed to be in charge of it. Her position parallels that of Carol, the social worker at Pussy Cat, who behaved with an uncertain mixture of sympathy, patronizingness and control. Emecheta, however, does not make the connection.

Head Above Water documents Buchi Emecheta's struggle to escape the marginality of being black, female and poor in Britain. Unfortunately, she has written much more interestingly about this in her novels. She has certainly arrived, but this book suggests that her success may have been achieved at the cost of losing her creative sources. It is not clear in which direction her literary talents can now develop, but readers should return to her novels to savour the richness of her past.



of a soldier in the epic struggle for Europe, and I understand now why, reviewing my own novel about National Service, *Ginger, You're Barmy*, some twenty-five years ago in the *Observer*, Burgess complained that "Mr Lodge spells things out as though there was no British Army before 1956". Curiously enough, a wholly invented episode in my novel, in which two guards ambush a bullying corporal, has an almost exact factual parallel in Burgess's narrative. Like me, he was chiefly struck by the way the Army replicated the worst features of the British class system and the way it set out to make life uncomfortable for anyone with intellectual pretensions. A memorable epiphany (in the Joycean sense) occurs when he stands "in the pounding rain with a bank manager, a senior librarian and an anthropologist with a Durham MA, under a towering heap of human faeces" which they have been instructed to shovel on to a lorry.

During the war Lynne had a fairly important job in the Board of Trade in London, where Burgess visited her frequently on forged leave passes signed with the names of various modern writers (eg "Ford Madox Ford, Capt. for Lt. Col."). He began to haunt the literary pubs of Fitzrovia, where Lynne had an *entrée*. While he was in Gibraltar, she "technically committed adultery" with Dylan Thomas, though "to go to bed with Dylan was to offer little more than maternal comfort". In 1944 Lynne was robbed and cruelly beaten up by a gang of American deserters, and the experience seemed to change her personality. It certainly started her on the alcohol addiction that finally killed her. When Burgess was grudgingly granted leave he found a distant and frigid wife who appeared to be hesitating over which of two brothers she would ditch him for. It seemed to Burgess that he was watching a play whose author he had once met in a pub. It was evidently a black comedy, for he was required to impersonate one of his rivals to prevent them all being thrown out of a hotel.

In the event the Burgesses stayed married, in spite of all the infidelities, quarrels, financial crises and vocational frustrations of their life together, first in postwar Britain, where

Sanity and craft

Philip Oakes

PAUL SCOTT
My Appointment with the Muse: Essays, 1961-75
Edited with an Introduction by Shelley C. Reece
175pp. Heinemann. £14.95,
0 434 62600 7
T. R. FYVEL
And There My Trouble Began: Uncollected writings 1945-1985
240pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £15.
0 297 78982 1

Paul Scott did not become a professional novelist until he had turned forty, and this collection of essays in which he discusses his craft is suffused with a kind of glee that, after years spent as an accountant, a wartime soldier and an author's agent, he made himself into a successful author. The delight is tempered with incredulity, as though even with the Booker Prize under his belt (awarded in 1977 for *Staying On*) he could scarcely believe that he had pulled it off.

Scott was the best kind of middle-brow writer - humane, perceptive and open to doubt. The four novels which make up *The Raj Quartet* (which gave him his greatest, though posthumous success as the television series, *The Jewel in the Crown*) are almost an anatomy of the British conscience in India. Scott built his books as sturdily as those railway engines which trundled for more than half a century across the sub-continent he first visited during the war. Neither they nor Scott ever seemed to run out of steam.

Nor, apparently, did he as a speaker. All the pieces contained in *My Appointment With The Muse* were delivered originally as lectures - three for a writer's summer school, one for a tour of India, one for a National Book League lunch. And they were given more than once. If

Burgess (having now abandoned musical ambitions for literary ones) eked a wretched living as a schoolmaster, subsequently in Malaya and Brunei, where he was a college lecturer. Burgess explored the fleshpots of the East and revelled in the sexual vocabulary of Malay, in which the term for orgasm literally means "the structure has gone into an ecstatic trance" and to fall in love is "to allow one's liver to tumble on to or into or toward somebody". Always a natural linguist, he made the other colonialists jealous by passing his examinations in Malay in record time. His early novels were published with modest success, but *The Enemy in the Blanket* was threatened with a libel suit and temporarily withdrawn. Most of the time "life at home was hell, black with guilt or loud with hysteria, and the cats were dying of feline eczema". In Malaya, Lynne took an overdose, leaving a note saying "I can't take it any more." Burgess administered an emetic and brought her round. In Brunei he couldn't take it any more, either, lay down on the floor of his bedroom one day and closed his eyes. "Let other agencies take over."

The other agencies sent him back home for exhaustive medical investigation (hilariously exploited in *The Doctor is Sick*). He was diagnosed as having a brain tumour and given a year to live. In a rented flat in Hove he sat down to write as much as he could for the support of his putative widow, little knowing that he would outlive her. Thus ends Part One of the confessions of Anthony Burgess.

If we did not know that the diagnosis was mistaken, and that Anthony Burgess lived on to become a prolific and distinguished writer with thirty novels and nearly as many non-fiction books to his credit, this narrative, for all its wit and racy anecdote, would be somewhat depressing, for the life it describes is largely one of failure, frustration and discontent, from which only booze, sex and music offered moments of escape. Since we do know, we can only salute the mysterious process by which negative experience can be turned to positive account in artistic creation - and look forward eagerly to the sequel. When complete, this work should be one of the most important literary autobiographies of our time.

is evident that Scott enjoyed enunciating principles and laying down the law. What he has to say is invariably sensible and rarely smug. It is also highly practical as regards working methods. He followed a regular routine:

By and large you can say that I work from nine o'clock until one o'clock; have lunch between one and two; between two and four have some fresh air, either by walking or gardening; have tea; and return for an evening still of perhaps two and a half hours between 5 and 7.30.

In this way Scott produced four novels in seven years, amounting to half a million words. In all, he wrote fourteen books, all of them powered by what he describes as "a single, rather cold blue flame" which he kept alight through good times and bad. He had great stamina. He says little about inspiration, but more interestingly, perhaps - he talks of his reliance on images to get the novel off the ground. "The situation... must be made to rise out of the image."

Scott never wrote his autobiography. Nor, sadly, did T. R. Fyvel - broadcaster, publisher and for more than a decade until his death last year, literary editor of *The Jewish Chronicle*. *And There My Trouble Began* is an assembly of his uncollected writings over four decades. While much of it is ephemera (why reprint a 1955 review of an indifferent book by Mr and Mrs J. B. Priestley?) it includes a fine profile of Orde Wingate, Britain's most controversial general, killed in an air crash at the age of forty-one, and a prophetic study of post-war towns in which Fyvel consigns their collective fate to the Borough Engineer (the common man we can trust) rather than to the theoreticians he so despises.

Tosco Fyvel was a genial, original and fiercely independent commentator on life and letters. In an Afterword to the collection Peter Rine Worsthorne recalls "the sanity and decency, not to say wisdom, of everything he wrote and broadcast."

On and off the beat

P. D. James

HARRY DALEY
This Small Cloud: A personal memoir
With an introduction by P. N. Furbank
241pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £12.95.
0 297 78999 6

For twenty-five years from March 1925 Harry Daley was a London beat policeman and in this personal memoir he describes with honesty and without artifice the realities of his job. His career, recounted with a wealth of anecdotes, was neither glamorous nor dangerous: he made no spectacular arrests, rose to no higher rank than that of sergeant, and came no closer to a murderer than to make a cup of tea for the notorious philanthropist and burning-car murderer, Alfred Arthur Rouse, when he was arrested and brought in to Hammersmith police station. Yet Daley was part of a dying but not ignoble tradition which saw the beat policeman both as the agent of law enforcement and as a generally benign authority figure to whom the guilty as well as the distressed and innocent could look for practical help and whose appearance was greeted more often with relief than with apprehension.

Last night's drunk popped in to see if we had his hat: women pushing kids in prams with squeaky wheels would rock a hopeful eye at the copper on the door and pay him to have them oiled; costers popped in to complain of being moved on with their barrows, and women to complain of their neighbours; old ladies feeling faint popped in for a glass of water and a sit down; and dotty people in great numbers popped in to unwind their endless rignaroles, knowing that they would be heard with sympathetic kindness.

Some policemen, of course, were sadists; some, and not always the most junior officers, were more than "mildly and cosily corrupt", some were racist and others politically biased. But on the whole they respected the people they served and were respected by them, and as Clive Emsley points out in his afterword to



Two photographs reproduced from the book reviewed here. On the left, Daley's own picture of two of his friends soon after he had arrested them - "As a gaffer I often had to lock up my friends and acquaintances - not so upsetting as it sounds. They were from families where such things are no disgrace, and had usually committed trivial offences, with the prospect of early bail and a small fine." On the right, Daley with a young friend at a swimming pool.

This Small Cloud, the picture Daley paints is closer to the avuncular decencies of Dixon of Dock Green than it is at present fashionable to believe.

But Daley was an unusual policeman. He was homosexual - the small cloud of the title - and early decided "to make friends openly with the people to whom I was attracted irrespective of job, class or criminal record - and bugged the consequences". The expulsive is presumably intentional. It was a policy which, given the intolerant age and his job, amounted to recklessness. Among those friends were E. M. Forster, J. R. Ackerley and others of the Bloomsbury scene, and their effect on Daley's intellectual and social life must have been profound. In his introduction, Forster's biographer



P. N. Furbank explains that Daley's memoirs were begun as an act of contrition or self-rehabilitation, and this contrition for failures real or imaginary seems to have manifested itself in a tactful reticence. It is inevitably disappointing that either through loyalty or discretion he is reserved about this surely important aspect of his life. Only once does a spark of resentment flare:

Social life in the late twenties and early thirties was gay and all-embracing; everybody gave parties and I was invited with the rest. Many people were kind to me when there was no earthly reason why they should be; some got fond of me and one or two even fell in love - though "love" seems hardly the right word to describe the spite and back-biting that it all involved... all that was asked was that I should give up all my former friends, acquaintances, hobbies and

interests, and sit waiting at home until my lovers found time to call - and on no account tell anyone I knew them.

The words could be those of a Victorian mistress.

But perhaps the most interesting part of these memoirs, and the most vividly written, describes Daley's Lowestoft childhood from 1901 to 1916. He was the son of a deep-sea fisherman and a capable and loving ex-parlour-maid who provided a secure and happy home for her mostly absent husband and for five children on an average weekly wage of twenty-five shillings. The mingled delights, wonders and terrors of these early years are beautifully described:

Naturally the event of the week was my father's return from sea. This could happen at any time. The best thing was to wake in the night and hear a deep, rumbling voice downstairs; scuttle down in your nightshirt to be made a fuss of, kissed by a warm, bristling face smelling deliciously of tan, tar and pipe tobacco; given tea laced with brandy or rum and bundled back to bed on promise of seeing him again in the morning.

This precarious security came to an end in 1911, when Daley's ship was lost during the great September storm. So many British seamen were lost during the devastating gale that a national collection, the Prince of Wales Fund, was started for the dependants. The charity's answer to Mrs Daley's problems was to suggest that she be trained as a midwife while her children would go into an orphanage, a suggestion she proudly and indignantly rejected. It is for Daley's short but vivid and loving evocation of that long-dead, nautical, rumbustious and supportive Lowestoft community, as well as for his account of how one man saw the job of beat policing in the second quarter of the twentieth century, that these memoirs will be valued.

POSTAGE: INLAND 1RP ABROAD 2RP

SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY PRICE \$19.95. SUBSCRIBERS US (BY AIR FREIGHT) \$25.00 YEARLY. TIMES NEWSPAPERS OF GREAT BRITAIN INC. 215 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10002

The Oxford Dictionary of Saints

Second Edition

Edited by David Hugh Farmer

Gives concise accounts of the lives, cults, and artistic associations of about 1,100 saints who lived or died or have been venerated in Great Britain and Ireland.

£5.95 0 19 282038 9 Oxford Paperback Reference
£15.00 512 pages April 0 19 869149 1

The Oxford Book of Local Verses

Chosen, and with an Introduction, by John Holloway

This delightful anthology is a treasure-house of England's heritage of popular verse, written by local poets whose work enriches our literary tradition and our understanding of local customs and attitudes.

£12.95 388 pages March 0 19 214148 X

Sporting Literature

An Anthology

Chosen by Vernon Scannell

A lively and varied collection of writings on sports of all kinds - prose and poetry from the sixteenth century to the present, to delight the sporting and the literary enthusiast.

£12.50 384 pages April 0 19 212250 9

Selected Poems 1956-1986

Anna Stevenson

Collected poems are reprinted here in full, with selections from her six other books, including *The Fiction-Makers*, a Poetry Book Society Choice in 1985.

£10.95 160 pages March 0 19 211973 7

The Complete Notebooks of Henry James

Edited by Leon Edel and Lyall H. Powers

James's biographer and a leading James scholar provide the definitive edition of the writer's notebooks. Including much hitherto unpublished material, the book gives a fascinating insight into James's life and works.

£25 672 pages March 0 19 503782 0

The New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse

Edited by Christopher Ricks

A radical reassessment of the Victorians and their poetry, demonstrating what a great variety of poetry and poets the period produced, from nonsense verse to nature poetry, and from Tennyson to Oscar Wilde.

£15.00 700 pages June 0 19 214154 6

The Precariously Privileged

A Professional Family in Victorian London

Zuzanna Shonfield

This vivid and often unexpected account of daily life in the last century is based on the newly discovered diaries of Jeannette Marshall, and chronicles her encounters with, among others, the Pre-Raphaelites.

£17.50 320 pages March 0 19 212285 7

Samuel Taylor Coleridge: Selected Letters

Edited by H. J. Jackson

This selection contains the best of Coleridge's published letters, concentrating on those of literary and biographical interest.

£19.50 280 pages March 0 19 818540 5

The Oxford Book of Canadian Short Stories in English

Edited by Margaret Atwood and Robert Weaver

A distinguished novelist joins an eminent critic to select the best Canadian short stories of the last two centuries.

£15.00 512 pages March 0 19 840565 X

Selected Literary Criticism of Louis MacNeice

Edited by Alan Henner

£19.50 296 pages March 0 19 818573 1

Spring Books

from

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Oxford Illustrated History of English Literature

Edited by Pat Rogers

Britain possesses a literary heritage which is almost unrivalled in the Western world. In this lavishly illustrated volume, the richness, diversity, and continuity of this tradition are explored by a group of Britain's foremost literary scholars.

- * Covers the whole range of English literature from Anglo-Saxon times to the present day.
- * Contributors are eminent scholars and writers in their respective periods.
- * Generously illustrated in colour and black and white with pictures chosen to illuminate and supplement the text.
- * Written for both the student and the general reader.
- * Helpful maps, detailed chronology, reading lists, comprehensive index.
- * An excellent complement to *The Oxford Companion to English Literature*



At the heart of the volume towers the figure of Shakespeare, who is accorded a special chapter to himself. Other major figures such as Chaucer, Milton, Donne, Wordsworth, Dickens, Eliot, and Auden are treated in depth, and the story is brought right up to date

with discussion of living authors such as Seamus Heaney and Edward Bond.

£17.50 450 pages April 0 19 812818 9

Handwritten note: "Joh 11: 1-126"

Rough-country magic

Jean Hanff Korelitz

LOUISE ERDRICH
The Beet Queen
338pp. Hamish Hamilton. £10.95.
0241 120446

In 1932, the only lifeline to Argus, North Dakota, is the railroad. Along its tracks, "everything that made the town arrived. All that diminished the town departed by that route, too." On one particular spring morning, "both an addition and a subtraction" jump from a boxcar and change the history of Argus. Karl and Mary Adare are newly orphaned in bizarre circumstances (their father smothered in a pile of grain; their mother vanished into the clouds with The Great Omar, a stunt pilot; their baby brother taken away in the arms of a stranger). Karl stays in Argus for several minutes before being chased back on to the train by an offended dog. Mary remains for the rest of her life.

The Beet Queen is Louise Erdrich's second novel and displays much of the same power and luminosity as her first, *Love Medicine*. Indeed, the two narratives overlap slightly as certain characters familiar from the earlier book wander in and out of the story: the enigmatic Kash-paws on the Chippewa reservation to the north, and the adolescent Dot who, in *Love Medicine*, had already reached a resigned and resilient maturity.

Erdrich's Yoknapatawpha is rough country, and no one escapes entirely unscathed from the harshness of its landscape and the constraints and suspicions of the community. To Mary Adare, however, Argus is kind. She takes refuge with relations, Fritzie and Pete Koska, and forms uneasy alliances with her cousin Sita and Sita's friend, the half-Chippewa Celestine. Mary herself seems an ordinary child, made

resolute in her loneliness. "I acquired a brain of ice", she reflects after her single outburst of grief. Not long afterward, however, she causes a miracle; she slips on ice, and her smashed face imprints the face of Christ in blood on the snow. "Girls have been canonized for less", remarks an onlooker, and, indeed, Mary and her miracle achieve a brief, stunning fame. But even as townspeople touch her, "holding their fingers out as if [her] body was filled with divine electricity", Mary knows better. She knows, in fact, the real identity of the face she has left in the snow: it belongs to her brother Karl.

For Karl is never entirely out of sight. Chased out of Argus within an hour of his arrival, he surfaces at critical points in the lives of those who might have been his neighbours, unsettling and even tormenting them, seducing men and women, eventually leaving his lasting imprint on the town in the form of Dot, his daughter with Celestine. To all about him, Karl is Ariel or poltergeist; in his own eyes he is simply the devil.

As with *Love Medicine*, the great excitement of *The Beet Queen* derives from the shimmering fabric of its prose. Erdrich's language has a bizarre but always perfect pitch, capable of conveying profound and complicated emotions, startling in their purity.

In her eyes I see the force of her love. It is bulky and hard to carry, like a package that keeps untying. It is like this dress that no excuse accounts for. It is embarrassing.

Her characters may view their surroundings as somewhat fragile – "small, a simple crosshatch of lines on the earth, nothing that an ice age or perhaps even another harsh flood could not erase" – but those surroundings also harbour a powerful magic that Erdrich is extremely adept at drawing out. With luck, when that ice age does come, someone will have stored her novels in a safe place.

A civilized affair

Lindsay Duguld

LAURIE COLVIN
Another Marvelous Thing
130pp. Hamish Hamilton. £9.95.
0241 120467

Clever, cold financiers who "have everything" often seek to add an extra individual to their personal possessions, "taking" a lover as a desirable adjunct to wife, kids, town house, etc. Thus it is with Frank, a New York investment banker, who narrates the opening section of *Another Marvelous Thing*, providing an economical description of "my mistress", Billy – her cleverness, sloppiness, grumpiness and her refusal to be taken over by the elegant "lifestyle" of Frank and his precise, sophisticated wife. Billy's genuineness, her genius husband Grey, her wisecracks, her lack of sentimentality and her readiness to hurl herself on her lover are prized by Frank very much as his first editions, Persian carpets, yellow French china and American quilts are prized.

The novel's seven sections trace the course of Frank and Billy's affair, from their first encounter at the party given by the *Journal of American Thought* for its contributors (which they both are), through the embraces on the couch in Billy's study, a brief stay in a rented Vermont cottage, break-ups, and a final parting, to the sad coda, "A Couple of Old Flames", which describes their chance meeting at the autumn cocktail party of the *American Economic Review*. The emphasis is on the ex-

ternals of the affair: what they eat, wear, read and watch on television.

The necessary fragmentations of adultery are given a very filmic treatment as the pair are pictured throughout the changing seasons, most often in a series of exterior shots: Frank arriving soaked at Billy's door, Billy glimpsed in the street, struggling with the laundry or coming home from giving an Economics lecture; there are conversations in restaurants, cars and parks to which rain, sleet and snow add dramatic effect. The short paragraphs of dialogue often end on a hard-boiled rejoinder from Billy, a good curtain line.

"It's so rare to see you smile", he said with a catch in his voice. "Each time I see it, I always think I ought to have a picture of it."

"Smart idea," said Billy. "You could make it into postcards and send it to your friends at Christmas."

Despite the apparent superficiality of the treatment, the book's concerns are not solely descriptive. As the affair progresses, nature is increasingly used to suggest the good and the pure, something irrevocably lost and missed: Billy and her husband's birdwatching hobbies, a flashback to time spent in the Cotswolds, the country wedding of Billy's best friend, even the Manhattan parks which Frank and Billy frequent. All these are part of a world to which Billy at least wishes to return. There is even a hint of moral fable, a suggestion of come-uppance underpinning the novel's longest section, "Another Marvelous Thing", which describes in telling detail Billy's sufferings in hospital where she is admitted, after the affair is over, for the birth of her and Grey's first child.

Weeping among the dildos

Peter Kemp

DAVID LEAVITT
The Lost Language of Cranes
319pp. Viking. £10.95.
0670 812900

The closet door creaks open once again in David Leavitt's novel, *The Lost Language of Cranes*. Where the short stories collected in his first book, *Family Dancing*, glanced at instances of domestic mayhem caused by homosexual revelations, he now surveys at greater length the way a family atmosphere can get overcast when the son comes out.

Other motifs observable in the stories recur here too – interest in underwear hair, erotic pettings with dogs (as a youth, the book's hero has liked to French kiss his poodle). Especially prominent is the distraught mother. A type that turns up constantly in Leavitt's fiction, she appears here as Rose Benjamin, a matronly New Yorker desperately worried since the flat she and her husband have contentedly rented for years is to be sold off at a price they can't afford. Also troubled by her son Philip's recently avowed gayness, Rose is somewhat belatedly starting to fret too about her husband Owen's long-established habit of sloping off secretly every Sunday afternoon.

Following Owen down Third Avenue on one of these sabbatical jaunts from married life, the book reveals that he frequents a gay pornography cinema for nervous, surreptitious sex. Galvanized by his son's boldness, though, he now edges towards openness about his own homosexuality. Rose reacts laceratingly. And, as the novel ends, Owen leaves the doomed flat to take refuge with Philip.

Not that Philip's own progress – representing contemporary emancipation as opposed to his father's old-fashioned repression – has been

without its problems. When first seen, he's ecstatically in love with glamorous, sensual Eliot, a foot-loose bohemian who soon straps abroad, abandoning him. Devastated, Philip gradually recovers, then discovers that his true love – "Brad Robinson who had been his friend in the Gay and Lesbian Campus Coalition" – is patiently waiting for him.

Around these rather diagrammatic tales, Leavitt amasses documentary details of New York's gay milieu – from the handsome brownstone of an affluent established couple to the anonymous world of parks, "back rooms" and porno parlours. Lesbian life is illustrated by episodes concerning Eliot's black flatmate Jerene. Rejected by her parents on coming out, she is at first immersed in writing a dissertation on "The Phenomenon of Invented Languages". And there's a strained attempt to use this to give the novel itself a thesis: about what happens when people are pressured to surrender their private sexual idiom and conform to a public code.

Philip's job entails writing, too. He's a publisher's editor and reviser of romantic novelettes – an unwise occupation for Leavitt to have bestowed on him, since this novelized often quivers with sentimentality: "he felt his heart burst inside his chest. And it was as if some sweet ambrosial liquid were pouring from that broken vessel". "Spring had come late, and the ring of ice around Philip's heart finally cracked." Philip's story – let-down by a fickle heart-breaker followed by the finding of happiness with a boy-next-door type – is stock romantic cliché. Tear-jerking pervades the book's gay scenes. Philip sobs in Eliot's arms "until a little wet spot had gathered on the sweater, over Eliot's heart" and weeps among the dildos of a porn shop whose surprisingly lachrymose clientèle can also be heard having a good cry in the blue video booths. Owen, spectacularly woeful, sheds tears everywhere: in the shower, in the chair, in bed, into the telephone receiver as he talks to "Macho Man", a gay service offering arousingly husky conversation.

The book is sloppy in another way too – one highlighted, this time, by Rose's profession. She is a copy editor who "put sentences in order, mending split infinitives and snipping off dangling participles, smoothing away the knots and bumps until the prose before her took on a sheen, like perfect caramel". With its abrupt swerve from sewing to culinary metaphor that passage itself might have benefited from the attentions of a copy editor. Certainly, the novel as a whole would. Repeatedly a demon at pouncing on solecisms, Rose would surely never have let pass "sobbing and wailing", "they had once rented a car and drove all the way to Jersey", "Inside . . . was exposed brick and mauve walls", not to mention an opening paragraph, set "on a rainy Sunday afternoon", in which someone asks himself what he's doing out "on a cold Sunday morning".

"If you were like the other mothers on the maternity floor and probably had never had an illicit love affair, you would not be punished by lying in the hospital in the first place. You would go into labor like anyone else." This small example of maternal derangement is set into the account of Billy's isolation from nature. Her state of mind, the drugs, tests, Caesarian birth and baby in the incubator are reported with a movingly detached precision as the complicated acquisition of a new life.

The extra emotional depth of this section lifts the novel far above what comes before. However smart Laurie Colvin's writing may be, however accurate her assessment of a civilized affair (sections of the novel originally appeared in *Playboy*, *Cosmopolitan*, *New Woman* and the *New Yorker*), she also manages a powerful subtext of emotion: jealousy, regret and plain, old-fashioned fear.

An eye on developments

Patricia Craig

SYLVIA MURPHY
The Life and Times of Barley Beach
175pp. Gollancz. £9.95.
0575 039221

Sylvia Murphy devised an eccentric framework for her first novel, *The Complete Knowledge of Sally Fry*, in which the events of the heroine's life were listed under the letters of the alphabet from A to M. *Barley Beach* is more conventionally constructed, though no less zealous; it contains episodes from the past and the present, distinguished by being written in the corresponding tense. In the past – the 1960s – a young divorced woman, Jenny Sharpe, and her five-year-old son, Thomas, establish themselves at a south coast fishing village called Barley. It isn't long before Betty finds itself attached to the neighbouring town of Innsmouth; and as we come up to the present, Betty's existence is placed in jeopardy by a drastic redevelopment project. Chief among the opponents of this project is a formidable travel-woman named Mrs Baker, the last to

stay put among the cottage-owners of Barley Quay.

Back in the 1960s, Thomas develops an enthusiasm for boats and enjoys a free-and-easy summer among some hippies on a nearby island, while his mother starts and abandons an Open-University course, learns to do a spot of building work, and becomes the proprietor of an Innsmouth café. She is exposed to some extreme feminist ideas, about which the author takes a droll tone: one of her objectives is to show a more reasonable feminism in action in the person of her heroine. Some misalliances are embarked on, and a lot of mishaps take place on and in the sea, while the life of the fishing community is sketched in. We learn a good deal about the mechanics of sailing.

Sylvia Murphy is both deft and good-humoured when it comes to documenting the behaviour of entrepreneurs, as well as noting the failures of integrity which contribute largely to her plot (bippie enlightenment, for example, quickly gives way to expediency, as far as one prominent character is concerned). The backwards-and-forwards movement of the narrative doesn't cut out the element of surprise.

Time on the palms of their hands

Gabriel Josipovici

AHARON APPELFELD
To the Land of the Reeds
Translated by Jeffrey M. Green
148pp. Deinfeld and Nicolson. £9.95.
0297 789724

Novels are written for many reasons; only a very few convey the impression that they are written because they have to be. But Aharon Appelfeld's are of this kind. Like the poems of Wallace Stevens they may sometimes be puzzling, sometimes obsessive, but they carry the authority of something which had to be done, which could not be avoided.

They are also difficult to write about because they catch the many flickering changes that occur between people and within people every minute of the day, but which, for obvious reasons, most novelists find it easier to ignore:

"You will forget me", she suddenly addressed him without warning.
"What are you saying, Mother?"
"You will have other interests, and you will forget me."

"You're my mother, and I won't forget you." The words left his mouth the way he would say them when he was a child.

"I'm very frightened. I too forgot my mother."
"But we'll always be together."
"Thank you. I'm very happy I brought you home. You'll feel good here. Pay no need to the bad things. It's a beautiful country, a broad one, and the cattails grow here like flowers. The light here is also precious." And without finishing she shut her eyes and fell asleep.

Toni, the mother, is returning with her grown son Rudi to her parents' home. As a young woman she had married an Austrian, a non-Jew, against her parents' wishes, and gone with him to Vienna. Soon the marriage turned sour and after the boy's birth she lives on her own with him, still young and beautiful, still hoping for a great fulfilling love, always humiliated and disappointed. Then her latest lover, an old man, dies, and leaves her his fortune. In her abrupt, moody way, she decides it is time to go back home, and mother and son set out, first by train and then in a cart drawn by two horses which they buy on the way, for the Bukovinian town she had left so long before. One moment Toni is full of happiness, sure she has made the right decision, but the next she is full of doubts, sure that her parents will reject her, fearful that her son will leave her as she left her own mother, fearful too that he will turn out to be more gay than Jew. For his part the boy veers

between love for his beautiful mother, annoyance at her childishness and stupidity, and pity for her weakness and confusion of mind.

This, however, is no ordinary journey: "It was the end of summer 1938, but here everything was as it should be, quiet and idle. As if the plains held out as much time as you please on the palms of their hands." The journey sometimes seems to be taking decades, then to be rushing by in a second. As with the early scene between mother and son, so with the book as a whole: nothing happens and everything happens – which is how we experience our own lives but not how novelists usually depict life. Eventually, and with a kind of terrible lack of awareness of what is happening, mother and son are separated. There are a great many people wandering about these large open spaces, we suddenly realize. Before we fully understand, we are, as in so many of Appelfeld's novels, at the end, and the end is a quiet country railway station:

"Where will we be brought together?" a woman

asked a man who was leaning against the wall. "Not far", answered the man in complete distraction.

"If so, why aren't they coming to pick us up?"

"They'll come", said the man. "Don't worry."

"We haven't been forgotten? Are you sure?"

"The man was about to answer when a long whistle

was heard, a festive whistle, and they all stood up and

shouted at once, "It came. At last it came!" The tall

man with the noble lineage removed his hat like the

Christians, placing it diagonally across his broad

chest. The movement, which seemed habitual with

him, suddenly inspired them all with a kind of

gravity.

It was an old locomotive, drawing two old cars –

the local, apparently. It went from station to station,

scrupulously gathering up the remainder.

With another writer we might have thought a

point was being made about Jews colluding in

their own destruction, or how man prefers to

have the void for a purpose than be devoid of

purpose. But that is not Appelfeld's way. His

dreamlike (or nightmarish) books do not make

points. They leave that sort of thing to other

writers, and to readers, if they wish. He is

content merely to pay his respects to reality.

asked a man who was leaning against the wall. "Not far", answered the man in complete distraction.

"If so, why aren't they coming to pick us up?"

"They'll come", said the man. "Don't worry."

"We haven't been forgotten? Are you sure?"

"The man was about to answer when a long whistle

was heard, a festive whistle, and they all stood up and

shouted at once, "It came. At last it came!" The tall

man with the noble lineage removed his hat like the

Christians, placing it diagonally across his broad

chest. The movement, which seemed habitual with

him, suddenly inspired them all with a kind of

gravity.

It was an old locomotive, drawing two old cars –

the local, apparently. It went from station to station,

scrupulously gathering up the remainder.

With another writer we might have thought a

point was being made about Jews colluding in

their own destruction, or how man prefers to

have the void for a purpose than be devoid of

purpose. But that is not Appelfeld's way. His

dreamlike (or nightmarish) books do not make

points. They leave that sort of thing to other

writers, and to readers, if they wish. He is

content merely to pay his respects to reality.

Clearing the white man's path

David Arnold

ALFRED W. CROSBY
Ecological Imperialism: The biological expansion of Europe 900-1900
368pp. Cambridge University Press. £27.
0 521 32009 7

On the Argentine pampas the cattle and horses introduced to the New World by the Spanish bred with the prodigality proverbially reserved for rabbits. A governor of Buenos Aires in 1619 estimated that 80,000 cattle a year could be slaughtered for their hides without seriously reducing the vast herds that roamed wild. W. H. Hudson, recalling his childhood in mid-nineteenth-century Argentina, described walls of plantations and orchards built entirely of cows' skulls, hundreds of thousands of them, arranged as regularly as stones and stacked seven, eight, or nine deep. Wild and escaped horses were so abundant in the region of Buenos Aires that they were said from a distance to resemble a forest. Nor was this extraordinary success of "exotic organisms" confined to the New World or to horses and cattle. The Spanish conquerors who brought rabbits to the Canary Islands in the fifteenth century soon found that they had multiplied beyond number; the imported asses bred so freely that in 1591 1,500 of them were massacred to save the colonists' crops. In the Americas, as later in Australia and New Zealand, pigs ran wild and rats ran riot. Plants, too, once introduced to supplement the native flora or arriving uninvited as weeds, rapidly established biological empires of their own, at times outstripping the Europeans in the speed of their advancing colonization.

There were more sinister arrivals, too. Epidemics of smallpox, measles, whooping cough and venereal diseases raced through defenceless populations, bringing death and demoralization. Darwin could comment that "Wherever the European had trod, death seems to pursue the aboriginal"; but in parts of the Americas and Australasia the fatal impact of European disease often anticipated the white man's arrival, emptying lands once thickly populated.

Why, Alfred W. Crosby asks, was this European "portmanteau biota" — men, plants, animals, diseases — so extraordinarily, often so devastatingly, effective in regions far distant from Europe and possessing distinctive flora and fauna of their own? Climatically, the "Neo-Europes" of North and South America, Australia and New Zealand were broadly similar to Europe, but that is only part of the answer. In search of a more comprehensive explanation, Crosby reaches far back in geolo-

gical time to the point where the continents began to split off from the primordial land-mass of Pangaea and go their separate ecological ways. Eurasia, favoured by size, diversity, climate and its early colonization by man, developed a complex and vigorous ecology, with humans, their domesticated crops, animals, even diseases existing in mutual interdependence. The remoter regions of the globe had a narrower ecological spectrum. Man arrived late. Isolation limited the possibility of useful animal or plant additions. Some of the larger herbivores, Crosby suggests, may even have been hunted to extinction in these regions by early man. The Maori were stranded in New Zealand without the Polynesian pig. South America could boast no quadruped larger than a tapir, despairingly described as no larger than "a calf six months old, or a very small mule". In consequence, when the Europeans, the second wave of human invaders, arrived in the New World and Oceania, they found a vacant or vacated ecological niche which they hastened to fill like a half-empty hotel with their "extended family" of plants, animals and diseases. Crosby, who a decade and a half ago wrote of a "Columbian exchange" between the Old World and the New, now argues for a far less equitable transaction.

European success in the Neo-Europes of the temperate zones had its antithesis in frustration and failure in more extreme climes. The Norse, ploughing the dark waters of the far

North Atlantic, had too few ecological assets and too tenuous a grip successfully to colonize Vinland. The Crusaders, however lion-hearted, like Richard of England, were driven back from the Holy Land by malarial fevers as much as by Saracen arms: they could send down no roots in such inhospitable soil. In Africa, Central America and Asia the story was repeated. European crops withered. Europeans, rather than indigenes, fell prey to hostile pathogens and parasites. Not until nineteenth-century technology came to their aid could Europeans make much headway in the tropics.

Crosby argues his case with vigour, authority and panache, summoning up examples and illustrations that are often as startling in their character as in their implications. "Ecological imperialism" could not ask for a more lucid and stylish exponent. And yet, like all arguments that stray towards biological determinism, there comes a point where one cries out for the restitution, the reintegration of the human factor. To be fair, this is not altogether absent. But, while giving some account of the maritime knowledge and technology which enabled the mariners of the Columbian age to cross the oceans and of the avarice that inspired the Spanish conquest of the Canaries, Crosby makes his ecological argument appear almost self-contained and self-explanatory. Little space remains for human will, political desires, religious zeal and economic greed. Pigs and

honey-bees may have facilitated the conquest of the Neo-Europes, may indeed have prepared the way for the 50 million emigrants who left Europe between Waterloo and the Second World War, but they can have done little to initiate or sustain the forces of European expansionism.

Like other works which stress a more familiar technological theme — guns, ships, railways and medicines in the service of Western imperialism — Crosby's book says more about agency than impact. In many of the processes he describes human will was as critical as any unwitting ecological usurpation. Where, for example, epidemics failed to clear the white man's path, Europeans, as in Tasmania, might intervene directly to push indigenes to their extinction. Where tropical fevers and resistant ecologies made European settlement improbable, systems of slavery, plantation monocultures and peasant production could be devised to yield Europeans profit from the fruits of others' labour. It was not Europe's crops and creatures alone that were mobilized for the purpose. Potatoes and maize from the Americas, the cotton and cassava of the tropics, the tea and opium of Asia — all these had no part in Europe's native ecology, but profit and utility dictated their incorporation into a global system of economic imperialism. Crosby provides a fascinating and provocative insight into a part of the process: he falls disappointingly short of identifying the whole.

Survival of the self-reliant

Roderick Stirrat

GERALD M. SIDER
Culture and Class in Antislavery and History: A Newfoundland illustration
205pp. Cambridge University Press. £27.50.
0 521 25403 5

Europeans have exploited the maritime resources of Newfoundland since the fifteenth century. While the Portuguese, Basques and others fished the ocean-banks, the English concentrated on inshore fishing, and by the seventeenth century a well-organized seasonal fishery had been established, with crews from south-west England setting up temporary camps on the shores of Newfoundland during the summer months, and returning home in the autumn. Permanent settlement was discouraged both by the West Country merchants, who feared the growth of an independent settled fishing population, and by the British government, which viewed the rough seas of the north-western Atlantic as a "nursery for sea-

men", and settlement as a means of avoiding the naval press-gangs.

Yet by the end of the eighteenth century the migrant fishery was at an end and permanent communities took over inshore fishing. Settlement, however, did not mean independence for the fisherfolk. From being servants beholden to their masters for the season, they were now dependent on local merchants, to whom they were in debt and who paid them in goods, not money. A nineteenth-century agent's letter to his English firm lists those fishermen who will be supported through the winter and those who will "almost certainly perish". And even when payment in goods was superseded by payment in cash, the fishermen remained poor and at the mercy of the traders. Self-reliance was the major obsession. Extracts from a fisherman's autobiography describing life in the 1930s and the lesson he learnt from not having the money to buy medicine for his son, conclude: "If a man is not self-sufficient, what help he will get from others will be damn small."

Not surprisingly, only a fragile polity de-

veloped; the small fishing settlements were isolated and there was a failure — even a refusal — to develop the other resources of the island. Newfoundland was granted "responsible government" in 1885 but in 1933 the House of Assembly chose to return to colonial rule, and in 1949 chose confederation with Canada rather than independence. Even then, class and misrule continued: Newfoundlanders as the poorest citizens of Canada while paying the highest percentage of their income in taxes.

Gerald Sider has compressed a complicated story into less than 200 pages and told it well. Clearly there are gaps, and at times it is difficult to remember whether one is in the eighteenth or the twentieth century. Through skilful use of documentary sources and interviews, Sider gives life to what might otherwise have been a monotonous tale of drudgery and exploitation. Clearly, however, he has wider ambitions than dealing just with the history of Newfoundland. The island is simply the "illustration" for his broader theoretical goal: the amalgamation of anthropology with history. Sider claims that the central concept of history is "probably" class, and in anthropology "certainly" culture. He aims to rethink both culture and class, particularly the former. In order to produce a set of concepts capable of dealing with historical processes. But when he shifts from description and narrative to self-conscious theorizing, his prose abruptly becomes opaque and his argument uncertain. Perhaps he needed another 200 pages to make the theory as interesting and accessible as the description in what remains a most striking piece of work.

A History of Sicily by M. I. Finley, D. Mack Smith and C. J. H. Duggan (264pp. Chatto and Windus, £14.95. 0 7011 3155 1) is an abridged, revised and updated version of the three-volume work which first appeared in 1968.

Ancient Sicily: To the Arab conquest by M. I. Finley, *Medieval Sicily: 800-1173* and *Modern Sicily: After 1713* by Denis Mack Smith. The TLS review (February 13, 1969) noted that "The monstrous is always to be found, lurking just behind the odd and picturesque in Sicily and Sicilian history — or, rather, they are inseparably intertwined." Christopher Duggan, who has abridged the original text to about two thirds, has also added a final chapter "covering the period from the concession of regional autonomy down to the present day" in which he gives particular emphasis to "the twin evils of alienation and the mafia" — the two most pressing problems facing the island. Duggan has also revised the bibliography, which, while not being comprehensive, aims "to provide indications to the general reader who wishes to explore specific aspects of Sicilian history".

A land where no one laughs

Peter Carey

JOSÉ RAMOS-HORTA
Funu: The unfinished saga of East Timor
230pp. Trenton, New Jersey: Red Sea Press.
\$29.95 (paperback, \$9.95).
0932415 148

The Indonesian invasion of the former Portuguese territory of East Timor, and the subsequent guerrilla war which has engulfed the area since December 1975, has resulted in one of the greatest tragedies of modern times. Out of a total pre-invasion population of 688,000 (the figure is from an unofficial 1974 church census), at least a third have either been killed or forced to flee abroad. Many others have been rendered homeless or exiled to a miserable existence in "resettlement" camps where they are a prey to food shortages and disease. Forced birth-control programmes, torture of political suspects and reprisals against innocent civilians add to the daily calvary of the inhabitants. "East Timor", in the words of the American journalist, Rod Nordland, who recently visited the territory, "remains a land of hunger, oppression and misery . . . a land where no one laughs". Unlike in Cambodia, which captured world headlines in the aftermath of the Vietnamese invasion (an invasion which revealed the full horrors of the Khmer Rouge régime), the bloodletting in East Timor has been all but ignored. With a few honourable exceptions, nearly all the world's governments and international agencies have chosen to remain silent. Even the Vatican, which has direct responsibility for the overwhelmingly Catholic population of East Timor, has averted its eyes. Commercial and strategic ties with Indonesia, the giant of South-east Asia, a vast archipelago straddling the vital sea-lanes between the Pacific and Indian Oceans which, since 1965, has functioned as a major bastion against communism in the region, have been deemed too important to be sacrificed for the sake of a few hundred thousand "primitives".

East Timor, now officially incorporated by Jakarta as its twenty-seventh province, is apparently a dead issue. But can the lives of so many innocents be blotted out so easily? Is it even in Indonesia's long-term interests to have acted thus? These are just some of the questions José Ramos-Horta's book addresses itself to. The son of a Portuguese father and Timorese mother, Horta played an active part in the left-wing FRETILIN (*Frente Revolucionária de Timor-Leste Independente*) organization which became the dominant political party in the Portuguese colony during the brief period between the April 1974 officers' coup in Lisbon and the Indonesian invasion, when the East Timorese were being prepared for political independence. By December 1975, with the Portuguese administration withdrawn and its local political protagonists defeated, it was the *de facto* government of the territory.

One of the few FRETILIN leaders fluent in both Portuguese and English, he was given the task, before the Indonesian invasion, of liaising with the Portuguese authorities, and of attempting to win the support of both Canberra and Jakarta for a political settlement which could guarantee East Timorese independence at the same time as safeguarding international strategic interests in the region. Cut off in Australia at the time of the invasion, he went to New York, where he was instrumental in presenting the FRETILIN case at the United Nations, a task which he has continued to carry out with untiring energy and dedication over the past decade.

The bulk of this short book describes Horta's activities at the UN and charts his candid-style progress through the murky shoals of international diplomacy, a tale told with humour and refreshing modesty. A few individuals of stature and integrity enliven the scene; a few governments — principled or self-interested enough to withstand Indonesian pressures — stand out. But for the most part, the picture is one of unrelieved gloom, of cynical wheeling and dealing, of votes bought and sold for political favours, of corrupt and indolent delegates.

Several works have appeared in recent years on the East Timor tragedy, of which perhaps the most important is that by the former Australian consul in Dili, James Dunitz (reviewed

in the TLS, December 16, 1983). Horta's book does not, in fact, add much to these. In terms of broad political details his chapters are too short and too tenuously underpinned by reference to the available secondary sources (a lack of an index is also a major drawback). But this is more than offset by his first-hand knowledge of events before the Indonesian invasion, and of the individuals who emerged as the leaders of the major political parties. As the first work to have been published by an East Timorese participant, it is invaluable.

Perhaps the most important aspect of the book is Horta's description of the changing Indonesian attitudes towards the former Portuguese colony before and after the officers' coup in Lisbon. It is clear that Horta, as a thoughtful and educated young man growing up in the rather stifling atmosphere of late colonial East Timor, entertained hopes that Indonesia might be forthcoming in any eventual showdown with the Portuguese authorities. After all, the Republic itself had been in the forefront of the anti-colonial struggle in the late 1940s and was in a good position to project itself as a potential liberator. Yet, although close contacts were apparently maintained between Horta and the Indonesian consul in Dili, these were not followed up by Jakarta. Indeed, both the Sukarno and the Suharto régimes, particularly the latter, appear to have found the continuation of the Portuguese presence in East Timor useful, and went on record at the UN and elsewhere on several occasions to deny that Indonesia had any legal claim to territories which had not formed part of the former Netherlands East Indies.

So a vital opportunity to influence events in the direction of a bloodless absorption of the territory into Indonesia in the event of a change of régime in Lisbon was lost. Worse, it meant that when Jakarta eventually had to justify its illegal occupation of the former Portuguese territory in July 1976 (the date when East Timor was officially "incorporated"), it was forced to fall back on the specious claim that the incorporation was a response to "deeply-felt and long-standing" ties of "national brotherhood".

After the April 1974 Revolution and the formation of parties in East Timor, Horta travelled to Jakarta as the representative of the Association of Timorese Social Democrats (post-September 1974, FRETILIN) for meetings with various Indonesian politicians. Among these was the late Adam Malik, then Foreign Minister of the Republic. A man of decidedly radical sentiments, Malik gave Horta to understand that he sympathized wholeheartedly with the East Timorese desire for independence. On Horta's prompting, he presented the young Timorese with an official letter purporting to reflect Indonesian Government thinking at that time, the salient points of which were as follows:

The Government of Indonesia until now still adheres to the following principles:

I. The independence of every country is the right of every nation with no exception for the people of Timor.

II. The Government, as well as the people of Indonesia, have no intention to increase or expand their territory, or to occupy . . . territories other than what is stipulated in the [Indonesian] Constitution [of 1945, i.e. territories outside those administered by the former Netherlands East Indies].

III. . . whoever will govern in Timor in the future after independence, can be assured that the Government of Indonesia will always strive to maintain good relations, friendship and cooperation for the benefit of both countries.

In the light of subsequent developments, Horta dismisses this letter as a piece of calculated deceit on the part of Malik, a figurehead far from the centre of real power in the military-dominated Indonesian Government. I tend to doubt this interpretation. Malik was undoubtedly a double-crosser, but he was far too seasoned and astute a politician to have done something which would have set him at odds with his military masters. If there was an intent to deceive, it must have come from a higher source than Malik. Indeed, there might even have been a vague hope in Jakarta at this stage that East Timorese independence could have been accommodated, provided, as Horta intimates to Malik, the new government in Dili was prepared to seek a close relationship with Indonesia and co-operate in all areas, includ-



ATHLONE

NEW TITLES

The Crusades: A Short History

Jonathan Riley-Smith

A comprehensive, single-volume history of the crusades from the eleventh century to the late eighteenth century.
£18.00 ISBN 0 485 11305 8

Mind-For'd Manacles: A History of Madness in England from the Restoration to the Regency

Roy Porter

A major reinterpretation.
£25.00 ISBN 0 485 11324 4

From Brothel to Cloister: Letters of J. K. Huysmans

Edited and translated by Barbara Beaumont

Huysmans' strange odyssey on the road from decadence.
£18.00 ISBN 0 485 11331 7

Keats as a Reader of Shakespeare

R. S. White

How Keats studied and annotated and learned from Shakespeare's plays.
£25.00 ISBN 0 485 11298 1

Victorians in Japan: In and Around the Treaty Ports

Hugh Cortazzi

What it was like to be a foreigner in Japan in Victorian times.
£20.00 ISBN 0 485 11312 0

Criticism and Truth

Roland Barthes

Edited and Translated by Katrine Pilcher Keuneman

Introduction by Philip Thody

A profound discussion of the language of literary criticism.
£25.00 ISBN 0 485 11321 X

Sollers — Writer

Roland Barthes

Translated and introduced by Philip Thody

The nature of narrative, the theory of language, the problems of traditional realism and the relationship between literature and politics.
£25.00 ISBN 0 485 11337 6

Death and the Labyrinth: The World of Raymond Roussel

Michel Foucault

Translated by Charles Ruas

A major study in literary theory, criticism and psychology.
Hardback £29.50 ISBN 0 485 11336 8
Paperback £9.95 ISBN 0 485 12059 3

Things Hidden Since the Foundation of the World

René Girard

Translated by Stephen Bann and Michael Metteer

A searching analysis of the mechanisms which regulate social life.
£35.00 ISBN 0 485 11307 4

The Ancient Trail Trodden by the Wicked

René Girard

Sacrifice as the driving force of culture.

£29.95 ISBN 0 485 11304 X

A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia

Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari

Completes the authors' primary post-structuralist text, *Anti-Oedipus*.

Hardback £35.00 ISBN 0 485 11335 X

Paperback £14.95 ISBN 0 485 12058 X

Dialogues

Gilles Deleuze and Claire Parnet

Deleuze describes his own philosophical world, and explores central themes in his recent work.

£28.50 ISBN 0 485 11333 3

Themes and Theories in Modern Japanese History: Essays in Memory of

Richard Storry

Edited by Sue Henny and Jean-Pierre Lehmann

Treats the period since the middle of the nineteenth century, including politics, language and theatre.
£32.00 ISBN 0 485 11242 6

The Book of Poverty and Wealth

Ivan Pososhkov

Edited and translated by A. P. Vlasto and L. R. Lewitter

A definitive new edition of this classic of Russian political economy.

£35.00 ISBN 0 485 11290 6

Kepler's Geometrical Cosmology

Judith Field

Kepler's contribution to the study of harmonics and astronomy.

£27.00 ISBN 0 485 11284 1

REVISED EDITIONS

Piers Plowman: The A Version

Edited by George Kane

£75.00 ISBN 0 485 13501 9

Piers Plowman: The B Version

Edited by George Kane and Talbot Donaldson

£75.00 ISBN 0 485 13502 7

Piers Plowman: The Evidence for Authorship

George Kane

£25.00 ISBN 0 485 11703 3

NEW IN PAPERBACK

Victorian Novelists and publishers

John Sutherland

Pioneering work on how the publishing process materially influenced the Victorian novel.

£9.95 ISBN 0 485 11332 5

The Athlone Press, 44 Bedford Row, London WC1R 4LY

(0839)

New titles from EDWARD ARNOLD

Stratford-upon-Avon Studies

Contemporary American Fiction

Edited by Malcolm Bradbury and Stigmond Ro

This collection seeks to make accessible the diversity of contemporary American fiction by charting the main currents in fiction writing in the United States since 1960. At the same time it is concerned to show how fiction writing has become increasingly subject to the pressures of publishing, critical theory and film.

£9.95 net paper 160 pages ISBN 0 7131 8480 7

Stratford-upon-Avon Studies

Propaganda, Persuasion and Polemic

Edited by Jeremy Hawthorn

The contributors to this interdisciplinary collection consider the means and the morality of persuasive discourse from a wide range of different disciplinary perspectives, and provide detailed analysis of particular examples alongside more general theoretical discussion and debate.

£9.95 net paper 182 pages ISBN 0 7131 8497 2 April 1987

Stratford-upon-Avon Studies

Documentary and the Mass Media

Edited by John Corner

This is the first volume to explore the formal and social character of documentary work in the mass media by bringing together articles on film, radio, and television. Several articles open up entirely new areas of media analysis.

£9.95 net paper 192 pages ISBN 0 7131 8493 X

Twentieth-Century British Poetry

A Critical Introduction

John Williams

A clear, stimulating account of the evolution of modern British poetry, which will enable students to grasp the literary developments involved, and guide them in their interpretation and appreciation of the works. The margin of literary criticism is kept to a minimum.

£4.95 net paper 128 pages ISBN 0 7131 8499 9

Stratford-upon-Avon Studies

The Nineteenth-Century British Novel

Edited by Jeremy Hawthorn

A collection of accessible and informed essays which discuss both major and lesser-known nineteenth-century novels, using a variety of critical approaches.

£9.95 net paper 184 pages ISBN 0 7131 8470 0

The Novel in the Victorian Age

A Modern Introduction

Robin Gilmour

"One must admire the succinct authority with which Gilmour presents the sheer variety of this great age of fiction. At the very least, his book offers warm invitations to the further reading and re-reading which is its avowed aim." *The Times Higher Education Supplement*

£22.50 net boards 240 pages ISBN 0 7131 8487 5

£7.95 net paper ISBN 0 7131 8488 3

Edward Arnold

1, Bedford Square, London WC1R 4EJ

The great reproduction

H. R. Woudhuysen

At first glance it may seem a little immodest to call a micropublishing project *The Nineteenth Century*, as though the people, institutions, social, political, economic, religious, scientific and intellectual world of a whole century throughout the globe could be recreated on film. Yet when the size and scope of Chadwyck-Healey's venture become apparent, then the title (and the use of W.P. Frith's epitome of Victorian England in his painting "The Derby Day" on the publicity) do not seem so ridiculously ambitious. *The Nineteenth Century: Primary sources in English published on microfiche* will be one of the largest retrospective publishing projects ever undertaken, with the aim of making about a quarter of a million items available on microfiche to readers and libraries within the next thirty years. This will represent about a quarter of the million or so titles which are known to have been published in English, outside North America, between 1801 and 1900, and which are currently being surveyed in the related *Nineteenth Century Short Title Catalogue* project which is still in progress.

In collaboration with the British Library, Chadwyck-Healey have announced two concurrent publishing programmes under the general editorial directorship of Robin Alston. The first series will consist of a General Collection of texts covering mainstream subjects such as politics, economics, education, religion, history and philosophy, and also including less obvious, but still important, topics such as recreation (including John Frost's *Scientific Swimming*, 1816, and Robert Baden-Powell's *Pigsticking or Hoghunting*, 1889) and household management (subjects from gelatine to burns and scalds will be covered). In addition to this series there will be a group of Specialist Collections of which four have been announced: Linguistics; Publishing; the Book-trade and the Diffusion of Knowledge; Art and

Architecture; and Music. Specific editors will choose the texts for this series, but the General Collection will be under the editorship of a general board of advisers which has a strong bias towards historians. They will select texts for reproduction using British Museum (later British Library) shelf-lists, whose classification arrangement dates from 1843 and is in itself a monument of nineteenth-century intellectual organization. This rather ingenious method of selection will avoid the arbitrariness of alphabetical or chronological selection.

The most controversial exclusion from the project is undoubtedly literature: poetry, fiction and drama as well as children's literature will not be reproduced. Given the widespread availability of major literary texts the reasons for this are understandable, but there is the possibility that some minor literature will be included at a later stage of the project. The other sorts of material which will not be reproduced include Bibles, liturgical texts, parliamentary papers, scientific, medical, and legal textbooks, classical editions and reprints of eighteenth-century books. While works printed in the United States and Canada are not included, books published in the colonies, some of which are extremely rare, will be covered. All the texts reproduced will be catalogued according to detailed rules which allow the inclusion of a great deal of hitherto unrecorded bibliographical detail.

It might be said that with *The Nineteenth Century*, micropublishing has come of age. The project is about ten times the size of University Microfilms' reproductions of STC books (English books printed before 1640). The implications for conservation are also important, since much of the material which will be reproduced was printed on poor quality wood-pulp paper.

An office was set up in the Library in February 1986, filming began in June and the first delivery of fiches should take place next month. The cost of buying the first five years' production of the General Collection and two of the Specialist Collections with a single initial payment will be £45,000; the single Specialist Collection relating to publishing and the book-trade for the same period will be £5,400 for approximately 500 fiches.

A T. S. Eliot plaque

Weather conditions in Bloomsbury on February 23, 1987, could not have been described as severe. It was indeed relatively mild in the afternoon, when Valerie Eliot unveiled a brown plaque at 24 Russell Square commemorating her husband's forty years (1925-1965) as publisher at that address: so that the little joke in the amiably delivered introduction by Lord Flowers, Vice Chancellor of the University of London (which owns and now occupies the building) - "a cold coming we had of it... just the worst time of year for such a ceremony" - fell rather awkwardly on the ear. "Not English Heritage", someone near by hissed, just after Mrs. Eliot had drawn the curtains aside, to reveal the London Borough of Camden plaque with its shapely lettering, set in a south-facing wall - indeed not Anglo-American, European, the world's heritage, rather, one thought; but it turned out the observation was about the colour of the plaque (which apparently would have been blue if SEH).

In the speech she gave at the ceremony, Mrs. Eliot concentrated on Eliot's achievements as a publisher. He played an active part in all of Faber's activities. We learnt that he was "a gifted blurbwriter". It is not to be supposed that, on the editorial side, he was concerned only with poetry; he read all sorts of manuscripts, and once, after reading an MS on the subject of motor cars, startled some friends with his precise knowledge of the internal combustion-engine and the engineering features of different makes of car.

The proceedings were rounded off with an hour's fine reading, in the Bevelidge Hall of the University Senate House, by Jill Balcan and Gabriel Woolf of a selection from Eliot's poetry and drama, including "Prufrock", "Portrait of a Lady", a section from *The Waste Land*, a scene from *The Cocktail Party*, and *Little Gidding*.

Adolf Wood

The periodicals: Cyphers

Patricia Craig

Cyphers
No 25; Summer 1986. £4 for three issues.
3 Selskar Terrace, Ranelagh, Dublin 6

Cyphers is "an occasional publication on literature and the arts" which seems to manage an appearance roughly twice a year. About four-fifths of the magazine is given over to poetry, which leaves space for (on average) a couple of stories, two or three reviews, and a page or two of visual material (photographs or drawings). The intention of *Cyphers* isn't to break new ground, but to provide an outlet for some respectable verse and prose.

The four editors (all poets) are also occasional contributors; issues number 22 and 24, for example, contain some accomplished poems by Eiléan Ní Chuilleanáin, and no 25 has a fine article by Pearse Hutchinson on the Gaelic poetry of Dáibhí Ó Bruadair (c. 1623-98) - a proposal of Michael Hartnett's translation of it. This stands out among a group of not very distinguished article-reviews, along with a spirited brush against Tom Paulin's *Ireland and the English Crisis* (no 24), by Vivian Mercier. In other places, *Cyphers* criticism is apt to be a little plodding or unduly heartfelt.

FIFTY YEARS ON

The TLS of February 20, 1937, carried the following letter from Edith Sitwell, responding to a discussion in the previous week's lead review (by Edmund Blunden) of the Australian critic R. G. Howarth's study of her poetic theory and practice:

Sir, - I was much interested by the essay on modern Australian criticism which appeared in your issue of February 20. May I, in no querulous spirit, but because I am interested, break a friendly lance with Mr Howarth, one of the critics in question, *apropos* of certain remarks he has made about my own criticism?

I have never - as he infers - suggested that poets should "pick vowels and consonants up and fit them into a palpable mosaic". That would, indeed, be an absurdity. I have, however, suggested - and I hold - that an acute sensitivity to sound and the relation between sound and meaning, and a genius for producing this relation in poetry - these gifts are a part, and a large part, of the poet's equipment.

Mr Howarth says that my "perception must be divination - water divining". It is, the simile is very apt. That is, again, part of the poet's equipment. And is Mr Howarth quite certain that I am talking nonsense when I hear and sense a connexion between sound and meaning that is not immediately apparent to him? He should re-read Wordsworth on the subject of the poet and the reader. What, at first sight, seems to the reader to be "private language", and "really offensive to the reader's intelligence and honest willingness to understand", will be public language tomorrow. When I published my "Bucolic Comedies" in 1923, there was a great outcry against me because I wrote

The magazine places a certain amount of emphasis on translation - from the Russian, German, Romagnol or what-have-you - and also includes some poetry in Irish. The Irish-language poems are often livelier and more rhythmic than those in English; the latter sometimes show defects such as social-realist dottiness, a disinclination, on the part of the author, to distinguish between poetry and prose, commonplace desperation or fussiness of approach. Some are dependent on the kind of imaginative effort that comes out a bit whimsically. There are indications, here and there, that some contributors have taken the magazine's title too much to heart, going in for an enigmatic approach.

It has to be said that *Cyphers* lacks the robustness of its northern counterpart, *The Honest Ulsterman*; and this, to an extent, is reflected in the magazine's contents. However, there is much in *Cyphers* to be grateful for, including snippets from Medbh McGuckian, John Banville, Máirín Ó Direáin, Hugh O'Donnell, and a good, straightforward, unpretentious Irish ghost story by Patrick McCann (no 24). Notes on contributors, at the end, are apt to be eccentric and off-hand, letting us know, for example, that one "recently stayed in Dublin", and that another "suffered from acute financial embarrassment".

about the "creaking light" of dawn; the "braying light" of midday - about "thril grass", etc. These phrases were used then for the first time; now they are, or phrases resembling them are, part of the language. I do not think that Mr Howarth can be sure that "no nobody but" myself "would the alliteration of quelled and quenched suggest moisture". "Qu's" placed in certain arrangements, do give a feeling of moisture, whether Mr Howarth likes it or not. And has he ever paid any thoughtful and observant attention to a spondee? The leaves appear to an observer like myself (who is not a scientific observer, but who is accustomed to thinking about what she sees) to be always wet, owing to the continually changing light on the shivering leaves, which gives a glitter like that on water.

As for the quotation from Bottom, that is easily answered. The arrangement of the "qu's" is different, they have not the same neighbours in the line which he quotes, and the two lines immediately preceding it run thus:

O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum.

Not a very dewy sound that, I think! Finally, why should Hopkins be forced to say that the leaves were dew-laden? Poems are not inventories. People will complain next that I did not say that the leaves were green - and pale green at that!

I write all this in the friendliest spirit. I enjoyed Mr Howarth's essay, as I enjoyed that of your reviewer, very greatly, appreciated them both, and am grateful.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

EDITH SITWELL.

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

Competition No 318
Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than March 20. A prize of £20 is offered for the first correct set of answers opened on that date.

1. "To show the belidme daughters of her daughter, To make the child a man, the man a child, To lay the tiger that doth live by slaughter, To tame the unicorn and lion wild, To mock the subtle, in themselves begu'd, To cheer the ploughman with inconstant crop, And waste huge stones with little water-drops." Shakespeare, *The Rape of Lucrece*.

2. "Oh would you know why Henry sleeps, And why his mourning Mother weeps, And why his weeping Mother mourns? He was unkind to unicorns." A. E. Housman, "Inhuman Henry or Cruelly to Fabulous Animals".

3. "They noticed that virginity was needed, To trap the unicorn in every case, But not that, of those virgins who succeeded, A high percentage had an ugly face." W. H. Auden, "The Quack".

silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field.

Competition No 313
Winner: Alistair Elliot
Answers:

1. "To show the belidme daughters of her daughter, To make the child a man, the man a child, To lay the tiger that doth live by slaughter, To tame the unicorn and lion wild, To mock the subtle, in themselves begu'd, To cheer the ploughman with inconstant crop, And waste huge stones with little water-drops." Shakespeare, *The Rape of Lucrece*.

2. "Oh would you know why Henry sleeps, And why his mourning Mother weeps, And why his weeping Mother mourns? He was unkind to unicorns." A. E. Housman, "Inhuman Henry or Cruelly to Fabulous Animals".

3. "They noticed that virginity was needed, To trap the unicorn in every case, But not that, of those virgins who succeeded, A high percentage had an ugly face." W. H. Auden, "The Quack".

Letters

Animal Rights

Sir, - I must take issue with Stephen R. L. Clark's argument in your issue of February 20 where, reviewing two recent books on animals and their place in society, he draws a distinction between our (moral) relations with wild animals (wolves, wildebeest and chimpanzees) and our (moral) relations with pets (dogs, horses and cats) on the grounds that with the latter we have had a special historical relationship (there are "more stories about them and us").

Because he finds the keeping of pets and the training of horses palatable, Professor Clark argues that their historical role, as man's companions, is morally acceptable. This is a *non sequitur*. Pets (even sticking to the ones he has chosen to regard as such) have no more "consented" to their role in society than other animals have "consented" to being eaten: it has just happened that way. But just because pets were lucky enough to be given a "favoured" role, or have developed a special relationship with us, does not put them in a different category from other animals as objects of our moral concern. Slaves had a special relationship with their masters: it did not make their condition any more morally acceptable.

A truly moral perspective must entail treating all animals, whether they are our pets or not, as having rights. But saying that does not mean we do not recognize differences in our relations with different animals (after all, we distinguish our family from other animals without denying either moral rights) or that we should stop keeping our pets. It does mean that we should apply moral sense to considering the condition of all animals in our society and ensuring, as far as possible, that we behave as that sense dictates we should. There is nothing sentimental about that.

MALCOLM JACK,
31 Whitehall Park, London N19.

'Conspiracy of Silence'

Sir, - In his letter on *Conspiracy of Silence* in your issue of February 13, Lord Gladwyn says he believes Ribbentrop refused to accept "the documents relating to D-Day [he means 'Overlord'] stolen by the spy 'Cicero' from our Ambassador to Turkey's red box". There were no documents on that topic in his red box.

I know many people have said so. Malcolm Muggeridge even said there was the whole plan and the Allied order of battle, which would not have left much room in the box for anything else. Those who believe this story must answer two questions: why did "Cicero", a boastful man, never claim to have obtained any information about "Overlord" (except, by a guess, the meaning of that codeword) and, second, what possible explanation can they give for sending any information about "Overlord" to Ankara? For "Snatch" his bedtime reading? To pass on to the Turkish Government? Both suggestions are equally absurd.

Anyone who knows the ferocious security that surrounded "Overlord" will realize that the Top Secret documents in the box were what "Cicero" said they were and what anyone would expect: the extracts from the Teheran Conference minutes which referred to Turkey.

DAVID HUNT,
Old Place, East Wing, Lindfield, Sussex.

Road to Victory

Sir, - In reviewing (February 13) Martin Gilbert's excellent *Road to Victory: Winston Churchill 1941-1945*, Alistair Horne writes: "when, in 1942, the U-boats changed their decoding machines, and their traffic became 'unreadable', over the next six months sinkings soared to catastrophic levels."

The combination of the separate Triton cipher net for the Atlantic U-boats (which, surprisingly, recent research shows to have been in existence in December 1941, and probably earlier) and the introduction of the four-rotor Enigma cipher machine (M4) on February 1, 1942, did indeed lead to a "Triton black-out", but it did not significantly affect sinkings before August 1942. From February 1 to July 31, 1942, over 90 per cent of the tonnage lost due to U-boat attacks was sunk in American coastal waters, where convoys did not operate. "Special intelligence" from M4 would have saved few of the ships and seamen so tragically lost, while convoy would have helped many to survive. Bletchley Park's inability to break M4 started to have devastating effects only when the Atlantic convoys resumed their attacks on the U-boats from August 1942 on: blinded by the lack of M4 special intelligence until December 13, 1942, the Operational Intelligence Centre was unable to re-route the convoys safely past the U-boat packs.

Horne also suggests that Gilbert's book is the first time that Enigma intelligence "has been so directly linked to the action taken upon it". This is to take scant account of F. H. Hinsley's magnificent series *British Intelligence in the Second World War*, which relates countless painstakingly researched specific Enigma decrypts and Ultra signals to the relevant battles and incidents. Indeed, Gilbert seems almost invariably to rely on (and cite) Hinsley in his footnote references to such Enigma material.

RALPH ERSKINE,
25 Hawthorn Drive, Belfast.

Captain Cumming's Disability

Sir, - It is human to err, Sherlock Holmes said, but I doubt if he would have forgiven my error in the *Affair of Captain Mansfield Cumming's* scooter. I had in mind not the usual two-wheel scooter but a four-wheeled job, common in my youth (indeed I possessed one), propelled forward by a rowing motion, the legs tucked under. A wooden leg would have been peculiarly awkward if one were sitting on such a scooter, and I assumed its detachment.

Now Nicholas Hiley (Letters, February 13) tells us there was no scooter, not even a wooden leg. He sounds convincing, but so fine a legend will not be easily destroyed. Thirty years ago I lived in one among a set of villas facing Blackheath, and told a magazine interviewer that these villas had been built for Nelson's Captains on their retirement. The remark duly appeared, and I must have believed the story at the time, but a later reading of Pevsner told me that the villas had been built in the early 1840s, when most of Nelson's Captains were occupying coffins, not villas. Yet the legend lingers. A little while ago my son pointed out an estate agent's advertisement, offering "one of these delightful villas, built for Nelson's Captains on their retirement". And Captain Mansfield Cumming is probably condemned to ride his scooter for ever. Indeed, a couple of weeks ago I saw on the television programme *Timewatch* Dr Christopher Andrew, in the role of Cumming, scooting and scooting endlessly down those Whitehall corridors. The machine, I'm afraid, was a two-wheeler.

JULIAN SYMONS,
Groton House, 330 Dover Road, Walmer, Deal, Kent.

'School for Wives'

Sir, - I enjoyed reading your reviewer's account of Mollère's *School for Wives* (Commentary, February 13) and his reference to a bold bit of rhyming: "brevity" and "gravity". The rhyme has been - and most effectively - used before. See T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, Part 1, the speech of the First Tempter:

You see, my Lord, I do not wait upon ceremony: I have come, forgetting all ceremony, Hoping that your present gravity Will find excuse for my humble levity Remembering all the good time past.

DONALD NICHOLSON,
Convent of St Margaret of Scotland, 17 Spital, Aberdeen.

Village Constables

Sir, - Keith Wrightson, in his review of Joan R. Kent's *The English Village Constable 1580-1642* (January 16), and to the conclusion that Dogberry, Dull and Elbow were not typical village constables. No wonder, for Messina, the Court of Navarre and Vienna were hardly typical villages.

OLIVE BALDWIN,
10 Vale Close, Pilgrims Hatch, Brompton, Essex.

English Literary MSS

Sir, - Nearly fifteen years ago (November 17, 1972), a letter appeared in your pages above our signatures, as trustees of the Strachey Trust, calling for the establishment of a register of the whereabouts of modern literary manuscripts. Despite the sceptical reception in some quarters, it struck a chord of sympathy in others.

As a result of our original plea, the *20th Century Location Register of English Literary Manuscripts and Letters* is nearing completion and will be published in two volumes by the British Library in 1988.

With the encouragement of the late Philip Larkin and the active help of several of the country's leading librarians, many bodies besides the Strachey Trust gave generous financial assistance to this project, which was carried out by a team at Reading University.

With the experience gained from this endeavour, and the enthusiasm engendered by a successful undertaking, the working group has now decided to attempt a second companion project to expand the dates of the register to include documents going back to the eighteenth century.

Funding is urgently needed and we should be very glad to receive offers of assistance from any of your readers. It is seldom that one is in a position to appeal for funds for a project whose merits are so obvious and whose success seems assured, if only the money were forthcoming.

MICHAEL HOLROYD,
PAUL LEVY,
Strachey Trust, 91 Winchester Street, London SW1.

A Shakespeare Edition

Sir, - Under the sponsorship of the Modern Language Association of America, the New Variorum Shakespeare has recently published editions of *As You Like It* (1977) and *Measure for Measure* (1980). Antony and Cleopatra is near completion, and seventeen other editions are actively under way. Yet because of deaths and resignations, five editions are shorthanded or dormant. On most, substantial work has already been done. Enquiries from qualified persons interested in completing these will be welcomed by G. W. Williams, 52 Kidbrooke Grove, London SE3 0LG, or by me.

R. K. TURNER,
Golds Meir Library, University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, PO Box 604, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201.

'East of Ipswich'

Sir, - One wonders why David Nokes, in his review of Michael Palin's *East of Ipswich* (Commentary, February 6), should think a sex-hungry adolescent would want to conceal his copy of *Nature* under his bed. Surely he would have flaunted his subscription to that prestigious journal of international science. I saw and hugely enjoyed *East of Ipswich*. What young Richard Burrill was hiding was a copy of the *Naturist*.

STEPHEN CORRIN,
10 Russell Gardens, London NW11.

Borrioboola Gha

Sir, - May I correct an error in Valentine Cunningham's review (February 13) of Ruth Dudley Edwards's *Victor Gollancz? It Was Mrs Jellyby*, not Mrs Pardiggle, who was concerned about the welfare of Borrioboola Gha.

FABIENNE SMITH,
55 Manor Place, Edinburgh.

Christopher Hitchens's "American Notes" about two legal cases involving literature (February 6) was so judicious that our telephone copytaker mistook a quotation from the judges as part of Hitchens's own summing-up. The paragraph beginning "The point is sharply, though unwittingly, made by defendant Hamilton..." should have been set in small type. We are sorry about the mistake.

The interview with Václav Havel published in the TLS of January 23 was arranged with the assistance of Palach Press, London, and the Documentation Centre for the Promotion of Independent Czechoslovak Literature, Schelfin, West Germany.

methuen
PAPERBACKS

NEW IN FEBRUARY

NEIL POSTMAN
USING OURSELVES TO DEATH
A scintillating analysis of television's effect on culture
New Society

Amusing Ourselves to Death
Public Discourse in the Age of Show Business
A scintillating analysis of television's effect on culture
New Society
£3.95 224 pages

Collin Watson
Snobbery With Violence
English Crime Stories and Their Audience
There have been academic studies since... but none supersedes this book, and certainly none can be read with anything like as much ease and pleasure.
H.R.F. Keating
£4.95 256 pages

METHUEN POETRY

Ntozake Shange
Nappy Edges
Extraordinary and wonderful... Miss Shange's prose and poetry is a lyrical and tragic exploration into Black woman's awareness... The writing flies into the air like dark swallows.
New York Times
£3.95 160 pages

Bertolt Brecht
Poems 1913-1956
Edited by John Willett and Ralph Manheim
This is a magnificent achievement... a truly precious addition to the sum total of poetry in English.
Marin Esslin
£6.95 656 pages

Noël Coward
Collected Verse
Over eighty poems - from snappy epigrams to short stories in verse - all written with wisdom, wit, irreverence and occasionally with venom.
Daily Mail
£4.50 208 pages

Methuen London Ltd,
11 New Fetter Lane,
London EC4A 3DF

John Co 136

COMMENTARY

Peopling the past

Randall Stevenson

LEO TOLSTOY/ROBERT DAVID MACDONALD
Anna Karenina
Citizens' Theatre, Glasgow

Drably-clad citizens of post-revolutionary Russia plod to and fro along the official, carpeted pathways which traverse the breadth of Phillip Prowse's elegant set, disappearing and reappearing as they recede among its towering pillars. On entry, they give their tickets to Seriozha, Anna's son, now an old man and curator of the museum his family home has become. It is peopled not only by the new Soviet citizenry, however, but by "impalpable shadows" who move more hectically and randomly across the stage to enact crises from his mother's life which Seriozha can now only hazily recall. He remarks "I would only be able to recognize my own mother by her dresses, hanging upstairs. Is she here? Which of them or none of them? They all envied her, hated her, loved her, saw themselves in her, and wanted somehow to be her." The vagueness of his memory is extended in the shifting and elisions of characters' identities around the central, uncertain figure of Anna: the desire of Dolly, Kitty, Lydia and other female characters to "see themselves" in Anna, even to be her, is realized by their assuming in turn, and sometimes collectively, her persona, by the wearing of her distinctive black dress.

Neither this multi-faceted vision of Anna, nor Robert David Macdonald's general conversion of *Anna Karenina* into a memory play, is entirely successful. Already restricted by an essential (though very dextrous) telescoping of scenes from the novel, characters' feelings are made to seem remote by the museum atmosphere, and in Anna's case, further diffused by the division of her part among several actresses. Often, probably deliberately, she becomes as a result a symbolic rather than a rounded figure, a representative of woman in nineteenth-century Russia. Other characters are likewise at times exemplary of a bygone gaudy age rather than consistently interesting for themselves. Ironically, the character most concerned, in Tolstoy's original, with vision of changing ages, Levin, has a disappointingly

small part to play in Macdonald's adaptation, though this may be because of the difficulty of dramatizing such inward experience.

On the whole, however, Macdonald's devices gain more than they lose, mixing memory, dream and illusion into a staging which is provocatively multi-layered and multi-dimensional. For example, excellent timing allows Soviet museum visitors to turn up in the right place to double as a servant, or as the deathly, wheel-tapping figure from Anna's nightmare, who is peculiarly palpable on stage despite being the dream of a "shadow". Robert David Macdonald himself has a complex role within and beyond illusion, since he is not only the adaptor of the novel for the Citizens', but also plays Seriozha, introducing the audience simultaneously to "shadows" of stage and memory. This role is often simply useful in interpreting the action - brilliantly funny in explaining Levin and Kitty's game of initials, for example - but it also has more powerful effects. Seated at the front of the stage, looking back with the audience into the depths of the set, Seriozha's presence contributes to the sense of a stage layered in time as well as in space.

A powerful vision of the reverberation of past upon present is created; of a younger self on a shabby old man; of long-vanished, burning emotions on a burnt-out present. His mother's half-gesture, showing Seriozha pictures of himself as a boy; his attempt to embrace her while she discusses his future with Karenin; his taking of his younger self by the hand as they rush through the darkened house to look for Anna - all conflate past and present into regret, not for a lost glittering age, but for the anguished exile of a single individual from his past, from the forces which still, irrevocably, determine his life. Given the particularly impalpable nature of Vronsky in this production, and the diminished interest of Levin, such moments install relations between parents and children - rather than between lovers or spouses, as in Tolstoy's original - as a central interest. Complete faithfulness to Tolstoy's novel, however, is probably impossible on the stage: imaginatively challenging, visually attractive, and, at times very moving, the Citizens' *Anna Karenina* is largely successful on its own terms.

In for another round

James Campbell

EDWARD ALBEE
Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?
Young Vic

Halfway through the first act of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* George brings a shotgun into the living room and, to the accompaniment of screams from the young couple who are their guests, points the barrel at his wife Martha's head and pulls the trigger. Out pops a flower. Nick and Honey collapse in relief but Martha loves it - gets a kick out of it, even. It helps to keep the big bad wolf (really, the truth, the present, themselves) from the door. She has been clawing George's flesh since the guests arrived, but now she wants "a big sloppy kiss". George, slightly steadier on his feet (and in the head) than Martha, refuses. She throws another fit; he pours another round of drinks, but is eventually wound up to the point of breaking a brandy bottle on the sideboard. "I hope that was an empty, George", growls Martha. "You don't want to waste good liquor, not on your salary."

Some kinds of suffering require an audience, which is why the new young university colleague and his wife were invited for drinks in the first place. George and Martha will always patch it up, only for the pleasure of demolishing each other all over again (and again, until the final shoot-out involving "our boy, sonny Jim" who never existed). George feels like a failure in the history department; he's the past, Nick, though, is biology; he knows all about regeneration. He also looks after his great body; as Martha can't help remarking, He seems set to be a success not only in the

faculty but with her. Just as a game of "hump the hostess" is starting, however, what should pop back in but that old friend to failure, George: "Hi. H. I. Historical Inevitability."

All of Edward Albee's lessons - on history, morality, politics, civilization, marriage guidance - are embodied in the domestic action of the play, which never once pauses to become a lecture. For the allegory-hunters there are allusions to the birth of America (George and Martha were the Washingtons' names; the university town is New Carthage; Martha's father is the President - it seems to be difficult to write an American play without writing a play about America) but simply as a play about marriage, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* still seems fresh and has lost none of its verve since it was first produced twenty-five years ago. Any marriage that fails to the sound of George and Martha's lacerating wit can't be all bad.

Although the play was produced at the National Theatre as recently as 1981, for most people the memory is of Mike Nichols's film (1966) and in David Thacker's production, Billie Whitelaw does a decent job of not being Elizabeth Taylor, but perhaps overemphasizes the female-wrestler aspect of Martha's character. Patrick Stewart as George gives a more subtle performance, at first seeming unsure in (one but in the end convincing us that while he has learned every line of this tragedy by heart, he nevertheless is condemned to repeat them).

Shelagh Keegan has designed a suitably inviting 1950s set, but while the Young Vic's circular seating arrangement increases the claustrophobia, the excessive length (four hours) of the production dissipates it. Perhaps by the time the two main protagonists have savaged each other several more times they will seem as if they really meant it.

An antidote to anguish

Brian Lee

ARTHUR MILLER
A View from the Bridge
Cottesloe Theatre

When *A View from the Bridge* opened in London thirty years ago, the production acquired an aura of grim topicality from the political troubles currently besetting its author. Arthur Miller had just been called to testify before the Un-American Activities Committee, and, unlike most of that committee's other witnesses, had refused either to name the names of communist sympathizers he knew or to protect himself from prosecution by invoking the Fifth Amendment. Eventually Miller was indicted for contempt of Congress, but not before he had been reluctantly granted permission to travel to England for the first performance of *A View from the Bridge*, a play which explores the tragic consequences of a similar situation.

Eddie Carbone's decision to betray two illegal Italian immigrants, Marco and Rodolpho, by informing the US Immigration Bureau of their address in Brooklyn, cannot, however, really be compared to Arthur Miller's courageous silence. Unlike the play's hero, its author had no significant information to divulge to the investigating committee. The names of his communist associates were already known to the inquisitors and what was required from the playwright was thus an act of obedience and an affirmation of loyalty to the US Government. Eddie Carbone, on the other hand, is driven to his act of betrayal by the intolerable pressure of a secret and shameful love for his niece, Catherine. He cannot endure the thought of her making love to Rodolpho, and in a desperate attempt to keep her for himself, is prepared to sacrifice his wife Beatrice, Marco and his starving children, two other "innocent" immigrants, his own integrity, and finally his life.

This is not quite the stuff out of which tragic heroes are fashioned, and therein lies the play's major flaw. Unlike Willy Loman in *The Death of a Salesman* who has "the wrong dreams", or John Proctor in *The Crucible* who values his good name more than his life, Eddie Carbone remains too deeply mired in his own

base nature. He is unable to lift himself to the vision of a more noble existence and ends his life, as Marco says, like an animal.

Miller tries very hard to suggest an alternative reading of Eddie's character through the use of a narrator, Alfieri, who describes him as a kind of transparent "holy innocent" - a man who allows himself to be wholly known. In this superb production of the play, directed by Alan Ayckbourn, Alfieri's commentary is made even more embarrassingly superfluous by Michael Gambon's magnificent performance as the doomed longshoreman rushing headlong to his self-destruction. It is difficult to imagine a better, more moving portrayal of the character than Gambon's. Every last detail of voice, movement and gesture is perfect, and the result is not a man who is "wholly known", he is certainly one who claims all our attention, sympathy and awe. It is a riveting dramatic experience.

Indeed, it is largely because Michael Gambon has the ability to suggest the complex depths of emotion trapped inside Eddie's rough frame to which he can never give adequate expression, that the character he creates so nearly escapes the confines of the play. Arthur Miller once described *A View from the Bridge* as an arc of forces moving in full view as a single explosion. This production generates enormous forces, certainly, but its real triumph consists in the way they are held back so long by Eddie as he desperately searches for antidotes to his unbearable anguish.

In this he, and the production itself, are equally well served by the other main actors: Elizabeth Bell, Suzan Sylvester, Michael Simkins and Adrian Rawlins. As his bewildered family, they try all they know to reason, restrain or console him, but only succeed in provoking his inevitable, climactic outburst. When, for example, Rodolpho tries to plead his hosts by singing "Paper Doll" for them, Adrian Rawlins's rendering - a minor, comic masterpiece in its own right - is overshadowed by Eddie's reaction: a mixture of brooding jealousy and half-concealed scorn. Alas Tagg's set also contributes to the play's atmosphere of emotional claustrophobia, even if the over-amplified sound of New York traffic does occasionally remind us that the play is actually taking place under a bridge in London.

The Dalston touch

J. K. L. Walker

ARNOLD WESKER
Yardsale and Whatsoever Happened to Betty
Lemon
Lyric Studio, Hammersmith

Yardsale, the first of Arnold Wesker's one-act plays for one actress which make up the evening at the Lyric Studio, began life in 1984 as a radio play, and with hindsight its origins seem plain. In seven flickeringly episodic scenes, the play follows Stephanie (Brenda Bruce), a middle-aged New York schoolteacher, through the lonely weeks that succeed her abandonment by her husband after twenty-five years of marriage. There are few surprises here; Stephanie is an ordinary woman enmeshed in an everyday tragedy, in which incredulity, despair and anger lead to a slowly awakening self-discovery. Why, she asks herself obsessively, has she been abandoned? The answer comes at the end, in the image of the yard-sale, with its clutter of cast-off furniture and worn-out household objects. "Hey, mister, I could steal this," calls out Stephanie to the absent owner, realising simultaneously her part in turning her marriage into junk and her potential affinity with the "husband-baiter" who has made off with the lost Sheldon. This is a neat enough conclusion and the play as a whole a useful summary of the perils that lurk in static marriages. Despite a finely controlled performance, Brenda Bruce has a struggle to keep the dramatic momentum going in a forty-minute piece, dropped up as it is by frequent blackouts and hampered by hastily mimed food preparation in the opening scene.

Whatsoever Happened to Betty Lemon, by contrast, springs straight out of the boards. From the moment when, to the sound of a flushing cistern, Bruce, transformed unrecognizably into a grey-haired, heavy-bodied old woman in sagging cardigan and flapping brown slacks, moves slowly on stage supported by a walking frame and painfully settles in her electric wheelchair, Wesker's theatrical skills are projected at the audience; to be reinforced a moment later by the opening line, delivered in a ripe Cockney accent to the wide-open spaces of an Edwardian mansion flat: "I didn't fucking plan it this way." This line, too, closes the play. In between is compressed a life-history of Betty, the rebel from Dalston, who has ended up as Lady Lemon, the widow of a Labour MP, and who now muses with foul-mouthed relish on her nomination as "Handicapped Woman of the Year". Here, as it might be, is a younger sister of Sarah, in *Chicken Soup with Barley*, delivering a disillusioned epilogue to a life-story which began with the pugnacious East End Communism of the 1930s. All this can be found in his occasional writings, in particular that Socialism was never the right home for his brand of individualistic anarchism, or humanism, as he has come to see it.

The pessimism of the play is relieved by a vigorously sardonic East End voice - something it is good to hear again in Wesker's writing, re-emerging from the sentimentalism to which his later stage work has so often been attacked. Brenda Bruce translates all this in a virtuosic performance. There is virtuoso work, too, from the off-stage controllers of the play, as a symbol, presumably, of a heartless technocratic society, of a superfluous and at odds with the rest of the play which can stand on its own feet.

Horror-comic readings

Duncan Wu

Gothic
Various cinemas

Ken Russell's *Gothic* focuses on the obsessions and emotional entanglements of one moment: June 16, 1816, when Lord Byron proposed the ghost story competition that inspired Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*. The demon brooding over the sleeping woman in Fuseli's painting, *The Nightmare*, is unleashed when the Shelleys, Byron, Polidori and Claire Clairmont meditate on their worst fears and bring them to life in imaginative form. The force of this evil spirit, we are told, will not only kill its creators, but survive in "Herman Munster, glow-in-the-dark kits, *Allen*, and whenever we go to sleep".

Julian Sands as Shelley falls through the floor of a ruined barn in a scene that prefigures his drowning; Polidori anticipates Byron's death by serving up a dinner of leeches, then anticipates his own by attempting to swallow acid. In a later scene, Claire Clairmont crawls naked through the Diodati cellars with a dead rat in her mouth as Shelley points out that she fears rats more than anything else.

These fictional events - most of them invented, some loosely based on Richard

Holmes's biography, *Shelley: The Pursuit* - are described by the producers as part of "an opium dream, where only the laws of imagination hold sway". The truth is that Russell and his screenwriter, Stephen Volk, have rejected the known facts in favour of their own "reading" of the characters' lives.

This reading is flawed from the start: they see *Frankenstein* purely as a horror story, irrespective of its unique use of contemporary science. As they are aware, Byron and Shelley's discussions at Diodati about the electrical experiments of Erasmus Darwin provided the crucial, immediate impetus in what became the first science-fiction novel.

For the sake of a conceit it cannot sustain, *Gothic* instead points to the death of Mary Shelley's premature baby, over a year before, as her primary inspiration. Wandering the deserted corridors of the villa, Natasha Richardson as the novelist sees dead, blood-covered babies behind every corner: a misreading of both history and the novel.

Implausibilities teem throughout a film that is dramatically inert. Timothy Spall's fat, bumbling Polidori goes inexplicably berserk with a pistol; Gabriel Byrne recites witticisms with a gravity lacking either Byron's famous humour or charm, while Myrion Cyr's Claire Clairmont has no distinguishing feature beyond a desire to bed him.

Domesticating a marvel

David Nokes

The Belle of Amherst
ITV

"Tell all the truth, but tell it slant", wrote Emily Dickinson. William Luce's one-woman film, *The Belle of Amherst*, first shown as part of the English Programme series for schools, takes a clear if predictable slant on the career of this remarkable poet. Set in 1883, three years before her death, it presents her reliving her life through imaginary meetings in empty rooms.

In a series of monologues, half-teasing, oblique and wry, woven together from the letters and poems, Claire Bloom depicts a woman wrestling with a repertoire of identities for private and public use. Sometimes she is girlish and exuberant: "I'm squire Edward Dickinson's half-cracked daughter. The neighbours can't figure me out." Later, staring into a mirror she is chilling and direct: "I'm nobody. Who are you?" The identities of her unseen, silent, imagined interlocutors are equally unstable: father merges into lover, God mingles with friend until all blend into the single unsettling gaze of the camera in a way which recreates the characteristic ambiguities of the poems. The enigmatic eroticism of the poem "Wild Nights, Wild Nights" is associated in her words with the preacher Charles Wadsworth. But the slant of the camera directs our eyes to her father's stern portrait on the wall, underlining a Freudian interpretation which runs throughout the film.

Her father, an austere and godly man who read no poems but only pure and rigorous books, forbade any talk of Father Christmas or other such prowling gentlemen. Yet it is as just such a benign prowler that she imagines him entering her bedroom at night to be entertained by her poetry. "I'd rather undress in bed than have my poems published", she declares; but she also thrills with excitement at the anticipated visit of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, whose *Atlantic Monthly* might expose her work to the public gaze. Claire Bloom's wide-eyed mimicry of Higginson's critical comments is full of Dickinson's wry irony. "Too delicate," she concedes, of poems not meant mainly for their urgent intensity; "too giddy," she hoots, as if innocent of the syntactical precision of her verse. By such understated intimations Luce's script conveys something of the enigma of Dickinson's life, and of her work. As the final caption reminds us, only ten of nearly 1,400 poems were published during her lifetime.

Even the amateurish wash of colours representing the Aurora Borealis has the appropriate effect of domesticating a marvel. Dickinson encountered God not in church but in an elbow-chair, and the film presents her recreating the mysteries of the universe in the daily tasks of baking bread and sewing patchwork quilts. She is shown keeping her poems in a sombre oaken chest much like a coffin, and the theme of death runs through the film, which closes predictably enough with "Because I could not stop for Death". Dickinson's companion in Death's carriage was Immortality, and in its modest way, this simple film is a fitting tribute to their journey.

Dealings with devilry

April FitzLyon

BEDRICH SMETANA
The Devil's Wall
Bloomsbury Theatre

That the British premiere of Smetana's last opera, *Čertova stěna*, first produced in Prague in 1882, should have been delayed until now, at first seems surprising. But the libretto, dealing with a Czech medieval legend about the Devil constructing a wall to prevent a monastery from being built, an unhappy nobleman in search of a bride, and a feud between the Devil and a not totally incorrupt Church, is so complicated and intractable that, despite some marvellously singable music, it has obviously discouraged producers. The first performance in Prague was coolly received; this was one of the final blows to Smetana at the end of his tragic life.

It was not really the librettist's fault. Krásnohorská, who had already supplied Smetana with two librettos, at first wanted to treat the legend seriously and allegorically; but the composer insisted on a comic text. By the time the librettist delivered the witty libretto which, against her better judgment, she had produced, Smetana had changed his mind and become more interested in the principal character, Volk, and the underlying theme of good and evil. Although he considerably cut and altered the text, the conflict between the serious and comic elements in it was never satisfactorily resolved, and Smetana's own description of the work as "a comic-opera" fails to convince, at any rate in "romantic opera" fails to convince, at any rate in "romantic opera". As the final caption reminds us, only ten of nearly 1,400 poems were published during her lifetime.

The director, Christopher Newell, has bravely grasped the nettle by identifying Volk

The film fails not just because of its grotesque, comic-book distortion of the facts, but because of its contempt for subject and audience. "What's it like to fuck your own sister?" Mary Shelley asks Byron, before she attempts to kill him. No effort is made to explain why, despite the English class system and the character's renowned prudery, she would have addressed him in this way, nor is her attempt on his life properly accounted for.

Films about real people seldom respect the truth, but invariably claim to depict it. *Gothic* goes one step further by dispensing with external reality altogether - as well as with characterization and plot. The result is sloppy, arrogant and self-indulgent, and in justifying the "opium dream" concept the film imposes on Shelley a banal and false explanation of his imaginative powers: he is portrayed as a laudacious addict.

Blinded, like Victor Frankenstein, with arrogance, the producers have made a film that will satisfy no one. Those acquainted with Shelley's novel or Holmes's biography will feel cheated - the known events of those rainy days at Diodati are far more interesting than this crooked reworking suggests. Even sensation-seekers will leave disappointed; though crammed with sex, drugs, dungeons and poltergeists, *Gothic* is too joylessly high-minded to thrill.

Even the amateurish wash of colours representing the Aurora Borealis has the appropriate effect of domesticating a marvel. Dickinson encountered God not in church but in an elbow-chair, and the film presents her recreating the mysteries of the universe in the daily tasks of baking bread and sewing patchwork quilts. She is shown keeping her poems in a sombre oaken chest much like a coffin, and the theme of death runs through the film, which closes predictably enough with "Because I could not stop for Death". Dickinson's companion in Death's carriage was Immortality, and in its modest way, this simple film is a fitting tribute to their journey.

Even the amateurish wash of colours representing the Aurora Borealis has the appropriate effect of domesticating a marvel. Dickinson encountered God not in church but in an elbow-chair, and the film presents her recreating the mysteries of the universe in the daily tasks of baking bread and sewing patchwork quilts. She is shown keeping her poems in a sombre oaken chest much like a coffin, and the theme of death runs through the film, which closes predictably enough with "Because I could not stop for Death". Dickinson's companion in Death's carriage was Immortality, and in its modest way, this simple film is a fitting tribute to their journey.

with the composer - there is some slight biographical evidence to support this - and by treating the rest of the cast as pantomime figures, or figments of Smetana's imagination as the lunatic asylum, in which he was to die two years later, closes in on him. Obviously, this was not what the composer intended; but today it is a plausible interpretation which works well up to a point. It leans the work towards the serious, as Smetana wished and the music demands; and, thanks to a fine performance by Glenville Hargreaves as Volk/Smetana, succeeded in making a viable and sometimes moving evening.

But, inevitably, this interpretation clashes with the uncompromising happy ending of the opera, and leaves the comic interludes even more out of a limb. These interludes are sung and acted with gusto. Rarrah, the Devil (Ian Comboy) oversaw a splendid and well-staged orgy. Although his antics, and those of his identical twin the Hermit, did not blend very happily with the more solemn parts of the opera, this was a well-paced and inventive production. The young professional singers and student chorus (which was particularly well handled) aroused more interest from the audience in the Bloomsbury Theatre than the first performance apparently did in Prague.

The conductor, Christopher Fifield, brought out the details of the lush and often radiant score - which bears no trace of the physical and mental anguish which Smetana was experiencing while composing it - and demonstrated that this work should not be shelved just because of its ungainly libretto. As with other "problem" operas - Weber's *Euryanthe*; for example - the difficulties of *The Devil's Wall* should be a challenge, rather than a deterrent. It is to the credit of this enterprising company that they accepted that challenge.

Richard Thurlow
FASCISM
IN BRITAIN
A HISTORY, 1918-1985Fascism in Britain
A History, 1918-1985
RICHARD THURLOW

This is a history of a shadowy and sinister tradition of British political life, whose roots, it shows, are both deep and tenuous. Based on original research and making extensive use of classified material from the 1930s and 1940s, it is the most comprehensive history and analysis yet published on the fascist movement in Britain. 336 pages, illustrated, £16.00 (0 631 13618 5).

Anne Boleyn
E. W. IVES

His narrative is impeccable, his research definitive, and his reading of Anne the most rounded and complete we are likely to get. Her surviving books and objects are used to illuminate her taste; for the first time we also see illustrated her authentic likeness... It ranks among the best introductions to the reign of Henry VIII. *Times Literary Supplement* 464 pages, illustrated, £14.95 (0 631 14745 4).

The Basques
ROGER COLLINS

The Basques attempts to unravel the difficult problems surrounding the origins of this distinctive people, showing how they have remained a unique element in the racial and cultural composition of Europe. 'His historical research is impressive' *The Economist*. *The Peoples of Europe* 268 pages, illustrated, £14.95 (0 631 13478 6).

The Mongols
DAVID MORGAN

This is the most up-to-date account yet published of this extraordinary people, who dominated the political map of the thirteenth century and yet whose history is surprisingly little-known. *The Peoples of Europe* 266 pages, illustrated, £14.95 (0 631 13660 1).

Western
Sexuality

Practice and Precept in Past and Present Times
Edited by PHILIPPE ARIES
and ANDRE BEJIN

Distinguished French, Italian and English historians, anthropologists and sociologists here provide a wide-ranging collection of new articles on 'normal' and 'abnormal' sexual practices in western society, from the ancient world to the present day. 232 pages, paperback £7.50 (0 631 14888 9).

Basil
Blackwell

108 Cowley Road, Oxford OX4 1JF
Suite 1503, 432 Park Avenue South,
New York NY 10018

Apocalypse then

John Gage

MORTON D. PALEY
The Apocalyptic Sublime
196pp. Yale University Press. £30.
0 300 03674 4

In the early hours of August 25, 1834, Mr Gladstone had a "painful and appalling dream":

I stood within - looking out towards the S. and E. - Over the sea there arose a light strange in colour, between blue and green, indistinguishably clear - it extended its arch upon the heaven: "look, look, look!" and as we looked it brightened into a clear flame: a white consuming flame, masses appearing to [be] crumpling and dissolving in it: its advance was steady and rapid over the intervening space, it gathered up and devoured all the rival elements on its way: the truth flashed upon me, it is the coming of the Son of Man! I turned and saw one drawn by a restless power, in convulsive struggles down, down down to the ground: my tongue said mechanically, Glory to Thee, O God! but I felt within me the mass of sin, of flesh, of self, a death from which I could not escape and along with which I too must surely and how deviously be destroyed - but here my vision ended, I awoke. It should be useful, may it be.

Gladstone's was a generation whose consciousness was pervaded by the imminence of the Day of Judgment (although it avoided the specific and rebarbative imagery of the Book of Revelation which had stimulated so much that was magnificent in earlier phases of English art). His was also a generation of dreamers, and Morton Paley's *The Apocalyptic Sublime* embraces a number of dreams, from Fuseli's lubricious "Nightmare", which Freud thoughtfully placed in his waiting-room, and William Beckford's 1810 imagining of "pale Napoleon" galloping like Benjamin West's "Death on a Pale Horse" across "deserted, smoking plains", to the Gladstone-like "sea of fire" that appeared in the 1820s to the York incendiary Jonathan Martin, and brother of the painter John Martin, and Berlioz's London nightmare of St Paul's transformed into Milton's Pandemonium, with Satan in command. To discover how British Romantic art embodied these awesome imaginings is the chief purpose of Professor Paley's short study, which began life as a lecture on Blake, but which has now gathered up West, P. J. de Loutherbourg,

Turner, and Martin as well as many less considerable artists.

They are a very miscellaneous group, and Paley is hard-pressed to tie them together. His conceptual problems begin with the dust-jacket, which describes the book as "beautifully illustrated", and continue with an opening chapter which seeks to enrol Edmund Burke as the fountainhead of the Apocalyptic Sublime, although his *Philosophical Enquiry* showed no interest in the Apocalypse at all - surely something that deserves a comment. Not surprisingly it is the second-line illustrators like Loutherbourg and Martin, and the rediscovered Bristol naïve painter Samuel Colman, who come out best in Paley's rather literalist treatment: the far more complicated eschatologies of Blake (who spurned Burke) or Turner (who paid no attention to him) do not yield much to such a narrowly based approach. We pick up a good many hints in the course of this book about the impact of contemporary politics on the Apocalyptic imagination, and about the more or less close associations of many artists with the flourishing millenarian sects of

the period; but we are offered no coherent account, social, political or religious, of why the Apocalypse should have been such a compelling subject in Britain around 1800. Paley is somewhat apologetic about his inclusion of the theme of the Deluge, although in the cyclical eschatology of the period it was the inevitable prelude to the fire next time.

Professor Paley's insular focus also leads him to end the story in the mid-nineteenth century, and to ignore the continuing power of the Apocalyptic idea in Expressionism and, especially, in the twentieth-century cinema. The *ad hoc* character of his enterprise is heightened by signs of over-hasty bookmaking: an appendix on the *Apocalypse Grottesque* is grotesquely confused by the conflation of two Gillray caricatures, "The Prophet of the Hebrews" and "Presages of the Millennium", only one of which is illustrated. Living as he does in the shadow of a new Apocalyptic of religious and political extremism, the reader might be better advised to expend the price of this inflated lecture on a comfortable gas-mask and a video of *Apocalypse Now*.



Constable's "The Quarters, Alesford Hall", 1816, is reproduced here from Michael Rosenthal's *Constable: The painter and his landscape*, reviewed in the TLS, November 21, 1983, and recently reissued in paperback (235pp. Yale University Press. £9.95. 0 300 03753 8).

Monuments to the outback

Anne Gray

HELEN TOPPLISS
Tom Roberts, 1856-1931: A catalogue raisonné
Volume 1 - Text. 216pp.
0 19 55455 0 1
Volume 2 - Plates. 276pp.
0 19 55455 5 9
Oxford University Press. £130.

Australian art is of interest primarily to Australians, for whom it has an importance in developing an awareness of the world around them: even so it has often been overlooked there. Recently, however, nearly 200 years after the continent was first settled, there has been a wave of enthusiasm for things Australian. Helen Toppliss's *catalogue raisonné* of Tom Roberts is one of the products of this resurgent nationalism.

Roberts, born in Dorchester, migrated to Australia at the age of thirteen. On leaving school he worked as a photographer's assistant and studied art. He went to Europe in 1881, attended the Royal Academy schools, worked under Gérôme at the Académie Julian, and was strongly influenced by the tonal impressionism of Whistler and the plein-air naturalism of Bastien-Lepage.

On his return Roberts developed a heightened awareness of local landscape and subject and of an Australian way of life. He came back in the boom years, just prior to Australia's nationalistic centennial celebrations. He painted scenes of the Bush that included gum trees, billy teas and campfires, as well as poetic responses to the pink evening light and views of the south that celebrate the brilliant birthday sun. But his most significant works of his period are monumental paintings of rural

outback life, in which he rejected stereotypes in favour of original solutions.

Roberts fought hard to create a national art, to improve the professional status of Australian artists and to foster a local art market. By the standards of his day he was successful: his work was purchased by Australian galleries and was hung on the line at the RA. Portraits were commissioned by celebrities and notable individuals of the period, and he received a major commission from the Australian government to paint the huge historical record of the opening of the first federal parliament in Melbourne in 1901 - a task which occupied him for almost two years.

Helen Toppliss's *Tom Roberts, 1856-1931*, which builds on Virginia Spate's work on this artist published some twenty years ago, catalogues over 780 paintings and sixteen sketch-books; its 900 illustrations are invaluable, showing his well-known, and often reproduced, works within the context of less familiar examples and thereby providing some guide to his overall concerns, range of styles and subjects. Toppliss has traced a considerable body of work, and if it is not entirely comprehensive, if a questionable work or two has slipped in, if there are some minor errors in the descriptions and if a number of the colour plates could have been truer to the originals, the catalogue still provides a very substantial base from which to begin to look at this artist. In addition, Toppliss has written a valuable introductory essay, put together a fascinating group of historical photographs and provided a useful, if somewhat untidied, biographical outline.

The interesting questions this catalogue poses are why Roberts ceased to paint monumental narrative paintings after he completed that of the opening of the first federal parliament in 1901, why he turned to such a different course in his last years, Toppliss points out

that the parliament commission broke him physically, spiritually and financially. But this does not explain why once he had recovered he never again tried to paint pictures like "Shearing the Rams" or "Bailed Up". One explanation might be that such nationalistic pictures were not appropriate in Australia in the 1920s; and yet this was the time the Australian government was commissioning a large number of historical paintings depicting Australia's involvement in the First World War. Roberts served as an orderly at Wandsworth Hospital during the war, and had earlier depicted Australia's colonial army, so a lack of interest in the subject could not be the reason. This catalogue puts before us what Roberts achieved; but the work of his final years still remains somewhat of an enigma, and is too good to be summarily dismissed.

Toppliss should be applauded for her compilation of the material and Oxford University Press given the highest praise for their courage to venture into a new field in Australian publishing, but it is a great pity that a reference work of this kind lacks a full index, as this makes it cumbersome to use. Again, Toppliss's unorthodox decision, for reasons of space, to exclude "references for works that are illustrated without critical comment" and "most popular references on the subject" is a serious drawback to anyone seriously researching a particular work; and to include both references to the work itself and biographical or subject sources under a common heading "reference" is confusing. It is somewhat irritating to find well-known paintings, well known under one title, such as "The Golden Breeze", suddenly re-named "Shooting at Newstead". But the value of this publication considerably outweighs any such minor criticisms, for it is of the highest importance in the study of Australian art and culture.

Shadow-life

Graham Reynolds

SAMUEL PALMER
The Parting Light: Selected writings
Edited by Mark Abley
244pp. Carcanet. £12.95.
0 856 35 619 0

This is one of a series of selections from authors, most of whom, such as Cowper, George Jonson and Traherne, are established classics. By being admitted to their company Samuel Palmer is given recognition as a writer comparable with the reputation he already enjoys as a painter.

Palmer's father was a Baptist, and possessed the characteristic reverence of Nonconformists for the written and spoken word. He was a bookseller and encouraged his son to enjoy his own wide range of reading, which included such seventeenth-century authors as Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor and Joseph Glanville. Palmer's nurse, Mary Ward, also had literary interests. She inflamed his three-year-old imagination by quoting Edward Young's couplet "Vain man, the vision of a moment made, / Dream of a dream and shadow of a shade" when he was watching the moon over shadows of elm branches. Over sixty years later he wrote, "I never forgot those shadows and am often trying to paint them." He had precocious talents, and first wished to be an author. However it was soon decided that he should become a painter, and he sold his picture at the age of fourteen. He retained some of his literary ambitions, which were encouraged by his association with "the Ancients", a group of young artists which included George Richmond, Edward Cole and Francis Oliver Finch. In their preference for the art of past ages they were forerunners of the Pre-Raphaelites, without achieving the success. The letters Palmer wrote to his father from his seclusion in the "Valley of Vision" Shoreham are full of seventeenth-century echoes. They were so little spontaneous that would make two or even three drafts before despatching them. But such consciously-seen purple patches as "the intense purifying separating transmuting heat of the soul's fabulous alchemy" now appear too contrived to be effective.

Palmer records the end of this imaginative luxuriance tersely enough: "In 1837 I married. . . Real life began." Real life certainly presented him with fearsome problems: lack of professional success, crushing bereavement, the tyrannical personality of his father-in-law John Linnell. He no longer made drafts of laboriously literate correspondence; instead he put it, "I have no time to compose letters, I merely talk with my pen." In consequence later letters are more direct and to the point. This selection includes poems, essays, and inscriptions from Palmer's sketch-books and drawings. The title of the book is drawn from the poem "Twilight Time", which describes an unusual, broken effects of light found in painting. P. G. Hamerton was certainly wise to tell him that his translation of Virgil's *Eclipses* would not find a publisher unless it was translated. This advice led to a series of delightful letters which he recaptured much of his early imaginative power.

His letters remain his most personal expression; in them he is diffuse but never repetitive. The selection comprises less than one-tenth of the six-hundred-odd letters published by Raymond Lister in his standard edition. In carrying out a difficult task of editing the editor Mark Abley has made a valuable choice. I miss some of Palmer's foibles, such as the hatred of suburban domesticity which led him to write one September, "The autumn of SPRING!! cleaning . . . is about to set in upon us." But other quirks, such as his advocacy of corporal punishment for children, are included, along with many of his practical views on artistic methods.

His writings are pervaded by an intense sense of self-analysis, and give a vivid picture of the difficulties besetting an unworried sensitive artist in the nineteenth century. Interest of following his assaults on his own self, some external, some self-inflicted, upon acquiescence.

Sympathies and secrets

Katherine Bucknell

STAN SMITH
Edward Thomas
221pp. Faber. Paperback. £3.95.
0 711 19426 6
MICHAEL KIRKHAM
The Imagination of Edward Thomas
225pp. Cambridge University Press. £25.
0 521 33456 4

Stan Smith's *Edward Thomas*, like his *W. H. Auden* (1985), uses the economic and social conditions of the poet's age as a key to his work. But Smith is less convincing on Thomas than on Auden, partly because his argument is pressed into the inappropriate shape of a *Student Guide*. For Smith, Thomas is not "the professional English poet" celebrated by *Andrew Motion* in *The Poetry of Edward Thomas* (1980). Rather, "Englishness" is an "ideological myth" in which Thomas participated but against which he also rebelled. Smith emphasizes that Thomas was a deracinated Welshman, and his friend and mentor, Robert Frost, an American. Thomas had strong popular sympathies, and his work expressed his concern for the way in which economic and social change was altering the English landscape he loved, breaking up rural communities and emptying the countryside.

For all their lushness, his landscapes are not totally unrelated to those "comatose and scarcely living" terrains which were to feature in W. H. Auden's poetry. This is the landscape of rural recession . . .

"The landscape of rural recession" is hardly a new theme in English poetry. It may be traced back, as Raymond Williams has shown in *The Country and the City*, through the work of Hardy, Jefferies, Crabbe and Goldsmith, to Langland and before. Williams has pointed out that Thomas, like his predecessors, was engaged in the conventions of this tradition.

Smith founders partly because he fails to see that Thomas's observations of rural life are not historical records but literary works. His discussion of Thomas's poem "Old Man" focuses on a passage from *The South Country*, describing the childhood memory taken up in the poem. He picks out a sentence in which Thomas compares his view of the past with unemployed men's view of those who have work:

I watch the past as I have seen workless homeless

Rye anecdotes

John Kelly

IAN FINLAYSON
Writers in Romney Marsh
240pp. Severn House. £12.95 (paperback), £5.95.
0 7278 2061 3

Romney Marsh does not immediately spring to mind as a great literary vortex, but over the years it (or rather the pretty towns that surround it) attracted Henry James, H. G. Wells, Joseph Conrad, Ford Madox Hueffer, Stephen Crane, Conrad Aiken, E. F. Benson and even Radclyffe Hall. They were not called by the marshes, as they might have been to the Lake District, nor by the filial affection that tied Hardy to Wessex, nor by the intellectual sympathies that governed Bloomsbury - indeed, they were a rootless lot, enticed more by the agreeable architecture, the cheapness of accommodation and the fast train service to London. None of them wrote anything of note about the district and few of them stayed long. Since there was never a Romney Marsh literary "school", *Writers in Romney Marsh* has no real centre. In his preface Ian Finlayson defines it as a "domestic literary history of the marsh", which is to say he has compiled a literary anthology of the literary and social lives of the latter-day personages who found themselves there. Wherever possible he has tried to draw on their own words, or upon accounts by family, friends, neighbours and occasionally enemies. All the material has been published before and most of it has been used in fuller biographies; there are, no doubt, more and no new critical insights.

men leaning over a bridge to watch the labours of a titanic crane and strange workers below in the ship running to and fro feeding the crane.

For Smith the word "strange" here has "a precise, historical significance"; it suggests foreign labour "imported to undercut the domestic labour market". (He cites the dock strikes of 1889, 1911 and 1912 in London and of 1913 in Dublin, even though *The South Country* appeared in 1909). Thus, he contends, this passage in *The South Country* releases a "historical secret" from the poem "Old Man": Thomas's spiritual identification with the unemployed. But why are the unemployed men not mentioned in the poem?

The South Country was written in 1908, "Old Man" in 1914. In the interim Thomas saw the birth of his third child, had a nervous breakdown and recovered, considered divorcing his wife, met Frost, observed the outbreak of the war and, above all, became a poet. To the poet the simile of the unemployed men, if it came to mind at all, probably seemed unsuited to the theme of the poem. Smith, despite his interest in history, neglects Thomas's personal and poetic development. Thomas's understated poetic style, not the "historical secret" of rural recession, best illustrates his sympathy with the common man. He called the poems in Frost's *North of Boston* "revolutionary because they lack the exaggeration of rhetoric". His own work is revolutionary for the same reason; it uses the language of ordinary men.

Michael Kirkham's *The Imagination of Edward Thomas* is a more careful book than Smith's but a far less lively one. Its citations are clearer, its bibliography more thorough and its argument cautiously qualified at every turn. As a result of this last, it fails to say much. Kirkham rejects "chronology" in favour of "identifying characteristic ways of thinking and feeling". This is unfortunate. He wanders through the poems, often repeating himself and quoting the same lines of verse. His last and most interesting chapter takes up, like Smith, the theme of secrets. For Kirkham, Thomas's fascination with "buried meanings" is linked to his "discovery of his poetic self".

His gift had developed slowly in the dark, as it were, unwatched; its emergence was unaccountable, gratuitous, and the more precious for being so.

Readers may feel this observation is not precious enough to lead them as far as Kirkham's final chapter.

Martial muses marshalled

Alan Ross

CATHERINE W. REILLY
English Poetry of the Second World War: A bibliography
393pp. Mansell. £35.
0 7211 1793 3
VICTOR SELWYN (Editor)
Poems of the Second World War: The Oasis selection
386pp. Dent. £12.
0 460 10432 2

Both these rather pointless books, despite their good intentions, work against the interests of their subject. Catherine W. Reilly's bibliography lists some 2,700 poets, records nearly 3,000 collections of their work and registers eighty-seven anthologies of war poetry published between 1939 and 1980. *Poems of the Second World War* contains examples of the work of over 150 poets, and is fleshed out with a "historical review" of the Second World War by Field Marshal Lord Carver, a long introduction by Victor Selwyn, its editor-in-chief, and a page on "How I Wrote my First Poem" by Spike Milligan.

Conceivably, Catherine Reilly's labours are of some use to librarians simply by virtue of their comprehensiveness, but even that is doubtful. The biographical material, such as it is, contains numerous minor errors and is arbitrary in the extreme. What is the point, for example, of recording that John Betjeman was a reviewer for the *Daily Herald* while omitting all his more relevant literary journalism (such as his long stint as Literary Editor of *Time and Tide*)? John Arlott has only two books out of about fifty credited to him, but is nevertheless described as being "Sports Presenter of the Year, 1980". Again, the inclusion of these two celebrated figures in a list of war poets is fairly absurd anyhow.

But not, of course, as absurd as over 2,500 of the entries, many of them writers published only by vanity presses and a number who were still children when the war ended, for example William Scammell, born in 1939, or Daniel Weissbort, born in 1935.

Catherine Reilly got off to a bad start as far as I was concerned by making two mistakes in the first line of my own entry. That scarcely augurs well for the accuracy of entries less easily checked. Can we, for instance, be sure that Francis E. Humpage's *Moon over Cairo* was really published by Arthur H. Stockwell Ltd in Ilfracombe in 1943 or that B. W. J. G. Quadding's *Heroines All* contained 36 pages and came from the same publishers three years later? An innocent reader of *English Poetry of the Second World War* would certainly conclude that the leading publishers of poetry dur-

ing the war were Arthur H. Stockwell Ltd, with Regency Press a close second. As a matter of interest there are twenty-nine Smiths listed, seven of them published by Arthur H. Stockwell Ltd.

It is, I suppose, just possible that all 2,700 of the people listed by Catherine Reilly at some stage put pen to paper on the subject of the Second World War, but to collect them together under the title of *English Poetry of the Second World War* seems an act of lunacy. I began to think the publisher must be Arthur H. Stockwell Ltd, but no, it isn't, and it doesn't even come from Ilfracombe.

There have been two reasonably good anthologies of the war poems of the Second World War, Brian Gardner's *The Terrible Rain* (1978) and Ian Hamilton's *The Poetry of War* (1965). Selwyn, in his introduction to *Poems of the Second World War*, does his best to make a case for the uniqueness of his book, but the fact of the matter is that there are too few poems in it by the good poets, and too many that merely muffle the impact of their better neighbours.

As with Catherine Reilly's compilation the absence of any properly discriminating or critical intelligence at work serves simply to devalue the whole project. A book of nearly 400 pages devoted to war poetry cannot fail to contain a great deal of ballast. Victor Selwyn remarks that, unlike Ian Hamilton, who looked for what the poets wrote when they went to war, "our concern has been the converse, to seek the writings of those who became poets as a result of going to war". It is not really a valid or sustainable distinction. The Second World War produced a number of memorable poems and some of them are in this book. Equally, a number of memorable poems are not - Keith Douglas's "Aristocrats" is one - simply because the editors have wished to cover as much ground as possible. It is not a good idea. Nor is it sensible to reproduce on the cover a painting of a parachute drop and get the painter's name wrong. His name is Albert Richards, not Albert Richardson.

The Second World War features prominently in several of the twenty-four specially written autobiographical accounts published in Volume Two of *Contemporary Authors: Autobiography series*, edited by Adele Sarkissian (510pp. Detroit, MI: Gale. \$72.00 0 8103 4501 3). Brian W. Aldiss, John Ciardi, Albert J. Guerard, John Oliver Killens, Alan Sillitoe and Ted Solotaroff are among the contributors who saw active service, and others such as Evan S. Connell, Barbara Corcoran, Doris Grumbach, James Gunn and J. G. Nichols recall wartime training, work or school days. Each essay is illustrated (often with snapshots) and followed by a bibliography of the writer's work.

BRITISH UNIVERSITIES SUMMER SCHOOLS

6 July - 14 August 1987

University of Birmingham
(held at Stratford-upon-Avon)
Drama and Theatre in the Age of Shakespeare

University of London
English Theatre, Literature and Culture of the Twentieth Century

University of Oxford
Britain: Literature, History and Society from 1870 to the Present Day

Details of academic programme, admission qualifications, fees, scholarships etc., obtainable from: THE BUSS Secretary, Department for External Studies, University of Oxford, 1 Wellington Square, Oxford OX1 2JA. Tel: Oxford (0865) 270378.

The fifth edition of Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* has been published for the first time as an Oxford Paperback (615pp. Oxford University Press. £3.95. 0 19 282035 4). Originally compiled in 1861, the *Treasury* included no poems by living authors; however, this edition - first published in 1964 - contains a 250-page "fifth book" which ranges from Landor to Larkin.

John Kelly

Compulsive mockeries

John Mullan

SIMON VAREY
Henry Fielding
153pp. Cambridge University Press. £20
(paperback, £6.95).
0521262445
JAMES J. LYNCH
Henry Fielding and the Heliopolitan Novel:
Romance, epic, and Fielding's new province of
writing
128pp. Associated University Presses. £13.95.
0838632688

It is a clue to the difficulties which Fielding's novels present to literary criticism that, like the mock-books of other eighteenth-century writers such as Pope, Swift and Sterne, they make the "pitiful critic" their model of a mis-reader. Both Simon Varey's and James Lynch's books inadvertently demonstrate that Fielding's wry attention to the form of the novel is, for once, something other than a boon to the academic. In their different ways, they are very much works of literary criticism, confronted by texts which make their best (if most fatalistic) jokes out of the debasement of literary precedent.

Emotional vibrations

W. B. Carnochan

JANET TODD
Sensibility: An introduction
169pp. Methuen. £16.95
0 416 37710 6

Readers of Janet Todd's *Sensibility: An introduction* who know nothing of sensibility will end up in the situation of someone who tastes rice pudding, having never before tasted rice.

To be sure, any study of sensibility needs to deal as well with the idea of the sentimental. But what is required, especially in an "introduction", is a discrimination of terms. The fact that sensibility refers, at bottom, to mental or physiological capacity while sentimentality refers to qualities of feeling makes no small difference. Although the two ideas, in eighteenth-century usage, are often elided, that elision calls for analysis and should not be taken for granted, because it is not logically inevitable.

The presence of "sense" and "sentiment" in the same constellation of terms requires still greater delicacy of touch. Despite some perfunctory efforts to sort things out (in an interlude concerning "Terms"), Todd fails to do so in her book. On one page we read that "the novel of sentiment of the 1740s and 1750s praises a generous heart", while "the novel of sensibility, increasingly written from the 1760s onward, differs slightly in emphasis since it honours above all the capacity for refined feeling". On the next page, "the literature of sensibility" is said to have had "its heyday from the late 1740s to the late 1770s". It is possible to make sense of this, but confusion is endemic in Todd's approach: she boils up a pudding, easy enough to swallow only because it is amorphous fare.

"For eighteenth-century ideas of sensibility," says Todd, "the most important figure is John Locke." But why? The answer is opaque: "To inter sentimentalists he taught the renaissance and primacy of impulse and suggested that sensibility - openness through sensation to the World - was the only route to knowledge." Exactly what does Locke's philosophy have to do with impulse? Furthermore, sensation in Locke is the mind's passive reception of sense data. It has no necessary connection with sensibility in its developed meaning of openness to sensations of a certain sentimental kind. It would be unreasonable to ask for nuance in a review of "Philosophy" from Newton to Adam Smith that covers five pages. But the enterprise should have been thought out more carefully. In Todd's brief survey, Hutcheson gets one paragraph; Hume, three; Smith, two. What benefit can there be from such fast cooking?

The writing in this book is as muddy as the thinking. On a single page, we read: "Since

As Varey reminds us, Fielding would call himself *Scriblerus Secundus* on the title-pages of his plays, and he pursued the compulsion to parody which the name connotes through the composition of his novels. These substitute the mock-emulation of noble literary forms for the steady observation of tradition, and make the critic the convenient symptom of a culture in which such parody is unavoidable. The critic, we are told in *Tom Jones*, easily mistakes "mere form for substance", and both these modern commentators risk perpetuating the professional habit.

Simon Varey's *Henry Fielding*, a brief guide for students, at least identifies the "calculated bathos" which runs through Fielding's drama and fiction. Its description of how Fielding the playwright combines the burlesque of dramatic genre with satire upon "the corruptions of the whole industry of writing and publishing" looks like a good introduction to his career as a novelist - the new face of authorship. But it turns out not to be. "Mockery" of social and literary conventions is described as distinctive of Fielding's narrative technique, but without historical explanation of its necessity or its effects. Varey's criticism stays doggedly literary. It is mostly a kind of close reading: when it

works well, it is what could be attempted, without such specialist guidance, by the student whom he addresses; when it is pressed too close to the page of Fielding's novels, it forgets what might have been the "substance" of such ambitious fiction for an eighteenth-century audience. It is most accurate when examining the ways in which the narrator of a Fielding novel manoeuvres the judgment of his reader by each liberal "self-effacement" to each coerced conclusion. It is most misleading when it construes Fielding's representations of social difference. Some treatment of Fielding's social pamphlets or political journalism might have indicated to any reader only used to the novels that the tendency in fiction to reveal "heroes among the poor and socially low, villains among the wealthy and socially high" was peculiar to fiction. All platitudes about the affable narrator of *Joseph Andrews* or *Tom Jones* are unsettled by comparison with the repressive strictures of *An Enquiry into the Causes of the Late Increase of Robbers* or the darkening pragmatism of Fielding's later journalism.

James J. Lynch, in *Henry Fielding and the Heliopolitan Novel*, is mostly unworried by Fielding's parodic trial of literary models, which is a problem because it is the influence

Victorian ironies

Roy Porter

J. A. V. CHAPPLE
Science and Literature in the Nineteenth Century
192pp. Macmillan. £20 (paperback, £6.95).
0333 37586 6

J. A. V. Chapple has battled gamely to give readers two books for the price of one. Of these, one is a student survey conforming to the protocols of the Macmillan Context and Commentary series: a dauntingly vast terrain to traverse, no footnotes, quotations which come in great slabs (some running to over a page), which are clearly meant to do tutorial service as "documents", and a requirement to parade before students' eyes the latest fashions of the scholarly world. The other, aimed more at colleagues, takes the form of a cascade of pungent and often unconventional insights into the Victorian scientific and literary imaginations, flowing freely from the springs of Professor Chapple's well-stocked and sensitive intellect.

The resulting book inevitably falls between two stools. Academics will feel somewhat cheated by a text which at times seems little more than a convoy of quotations (no fewer than eight out of the first ten pages of Chapter Five are wholly given over to extracts). Students with essay assignments, on the other hand, are likely to find the linking commentary

on Fielding of certain models of narrative structure which he is describing. He attempts to show Fielding's debt to the conventions of seventeenth-century romances, and to derive these conventions from the influence of Heliodorus' *Aethiopica*, a post-classical Greek romance. This could have been a contribution to the history of that struggle for aesthetic legitimacy which, as Lynch rightly says, the novel undertakes in the eighteenth century. In the event, it is never precise enough about the "romance" elements of Fielding's narratives: "romance" is usually what a "realism", and "realism" is not defined at all. Crucially, while the book takes speculation about literary influence to be self-justifying, it is not careful enough about Fielding's own representations of influence. It is missing some points of Fielding's rhetoric to declare that "sought to elevate prose fiction to the status of the epic"; *Tom Jones* called itself "a satirical comic writing", and only the critic presumed not to understand the joke. Lynch studies disdains what are referred to as "aesthetics, economic, and philosophical factors" and its analysis of literary form falls below it is only an analysis of form. Finally, it is just academic.

elusive, because it frequently presumes a midable prior grasp of men and matters. In the course of a single page, right at the end of the book, Chapple whisks his reader to the *Origin of Species*, through Kelvin's biometrics, taking in Dante, Boolean algebra, and the *Alice* books, and offering us a series of throwaway comments as if such logic was hardly Victorian but was "mid-twentieth century physics".

Indeed, not only students may find the sometimes puzzlingly elliptical. It is interesting to be told that there lay an irony at Darwin's relations with Kelvin, and that there was a "further irony" in the fact that Darwin was a "least competence" ("geneticist") to be developed by his cousin, the major pioneer, Francis Galton. But the point (the pun is hinting at - the chasm between the two) is that the mathematical and the biological history mind and the mathematical mind cries out for more sustained analysis. Albert Darwin himself leant heavily upon Malthusian demographic geometry, and his concept "species" was more statistical than Darwinian. Here, as elsewhere, because Chapple is too quick to pour a gallon into a pint pot, we end up stimulated rather than satisfied.

If frequently tantalizing, however, this is never dull. Potted histories of the "publication" of the so-called "two cultures" are often simplistic and question-begging. Chapple by contrast has triumphantly evaded the "conflict" and the "influence" models, juxtaposing literature and science, and spared us the most threadbare examples of what is not quoted confessing himself a white leaf for all but science; neither do we have once again dichotomized between *Brain* and *Coleridge* (though unfortunately he does appear as "James Stuart", thus solving the father/son problem, once and for all). The over-exposed prophetic succession from Wordsworth, via Carlyle, to Ruskin is demoted to their place. Chapple has some lively, if too brief, reflections upon relatively neglected figures such as Meredith, W. H. Mallock, and Frances Cobbe (he is particularly good on the incorporation of the psychology of William Carpenter). Deft use is made of Robert O'Hanlon's *Joseph Conrad and Charles Darwin* (1984) to show that we can't understand Victorian anthropology without first understanding Conrad, and vice versa.

The energy and aperçus are sustained to the end. On the final page no windy generalizations; rather we are still being regaled with possible links between Conrad and Darwin between Darwin and Yeats. If the book ultimately comes away feeling frustrated, it is because what he wants is more.

Nicola Bradbury's *An Annotated Chronology of Henry James* (142pp. Blackwell, £20. 0 7108 1030 X) is a work of concentrated critical scholarship, concentrating on the fiction, and tracing the development of James's style and thought in a chronologically ordered

Variations in a landscape

J. R. Maddicott

C. WARREN HOLLISTER
Monarchy, Magnates and Institutions in the Anglo-Norman World
138pp. Hambledon. £22.
0 907628 508
MARJORIE KENISTON MCINTOSH
Autonomy and Community: The royal manor of Havering, 1200-1500
319pp. Cambridge University Press. £30.
0 521 32018 6
INGEL SAUL
Scenes from Provincial Life: Knightly families in Sussex, 1280-1400
214pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £22.50.
0 19 620077 3
TREVOR ROWLEY
The High Middle Ages, 1200-1550
248pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £17.95.
0 7100 9815 4

These four books exemplify the diversification of historical studies over the past forty years. During that period the once uncontested primacy of political and institutional history has been undermined, and subjects formerly regarded as peripheral or ignored altogether - the history of the landscape or of the family, for instance - have edged closer to the centre. At the same time, techniques and perceptions drawn from the social sciences, notably anthropology, have moved in, and the artificial divisions between the traditional sub-disciplines have begun to break down. Nowadays political history, social history, economic history and church history remain more as conventional labels than as sharply demarcated territories.

C. Warren Hollister's collected papers, *Monarchy, Magnates and Institutions in the Anglo-Norman World*, represent the main line of political history at its most fruitful, the Stubbsian stock from which other histories have branched off. Focusing as they do on the reign of Henry I, they rest inevitably on charters and chronicles largely familiar to Stubbs himself; yet taken together they impose an entirely new pattern on the reign. The old view of Henry's government, which saw it as both predatory and partial, had always seemed unsatisfactory, for it failed to explain how he was able to maintain the peace so long among a baronage apparently divided between court and country, oppressors and oppressed. Hollister shows, by contrast, that Henry's achievement lay in the creation both of new institutions and of a stable political society, in which the old baronage and Henry's new men worked together under royal direction. Medievalists will already be familiar with these papers and no more need be said about them here, save that they constitute original work of a high order and whet the appetite for Hollister's forthcoming biography of the king.

The history of political society under Henry I is largely and necessarily *étymologique*. Only after 1200, when the proliferating records of royal government begin to be joined by private accounts, letters and wills, does it gradually become possible to write history which is not primarily linear, administrative, fiscal, tenurial, and Chalmers would guess that this tract of grimy suburbia once supported one of the most thriving and distinctive of English communities.

Saul deals with a narrower sector of society

may be done for the more variegated world of the later Middle Ages. Fifty years ago the history of a manor and, had it been attempted, of a county community, would have meant, in the one case, field systems, crop yields, lords and tenants, wages and prices, and, in the other, the shire and hundred courts, the sheriff, the eyre and the JPs; in other words, rural economy and local institutions. It is to the credit of both these authors that each attempts a much more enterprising reconstruction of a complete society, in all its economic and social and religious complexity.

McIntosh's study of Havering is especially suggestive. It deals with a great royal estate, some way beyond the north-east fringe of London, whose inhabitants, like those of other royal manors, possessed peculiar privileges: minimal labour dues, free alienation of land, and exemption from those servile incidents, such as payment for the marriage of daughters, which weighed heavily elsewhere. In addition, and by a process of fiscal conservatism not easily explained, their rents and services came to be permanently fixed at the level recorded in 1251. They enjoyed two other advantages. First, the proximity of London stimulated both an active land market and the growth of a commercial economy. Second, extensive woodland created opportunities for assarting, the enlargement of tenements and the reinforcement of the tenurial freedoms with which assarting was often associated.

These conditions brought about the evolution of a particularly open, prosperous and individualistic society. It was dominated by independent farmers, whose holdings were both enclosed and exceptionally large. The restrictions of communal agriculture were absent, and by the mid-thirteenth century the social structure at Havering already resembled that which emerged over much of England after the Black Death. Wealth and independence fostered local initiatives in matters of government, where sheriffs and royal justices played only a limited role, and, more surprisingly perhaps, in religion. By the late fifteenth century the local churchwardens were appointing their own priests, without regard for the patron, and the laity whom they represented were beginning to seek new ways of alleviating poverty.

This meticulous and well-written book rests on a daunting range of sources, published and unpublished, and has implications which go well beyond its prescribed limits. It offers a kind of counterfactual paradigm of what rural life in medieval England might have been generally like without lordship. The point should not be exaggerated: Havering's peculiarities owed as much to the abnormal stimulus to prosperity and diversification given by access to London as to weak control from above. McIntosh's work nevertheless throws into sharp relief the degree to which seigneurial pressures impeded economic growth in less favoured places, and lends weight to those who see lordship rather than demographic change as the mainspring of the medieval economy. No one taking the line from Liverpool Street to Chelmsford, which bisects the old manor of Havering, would guess that this tract of grimy suburbia once supported one of the most thriving and distinctive of English communities.

Saul deals with a narrower sector of society

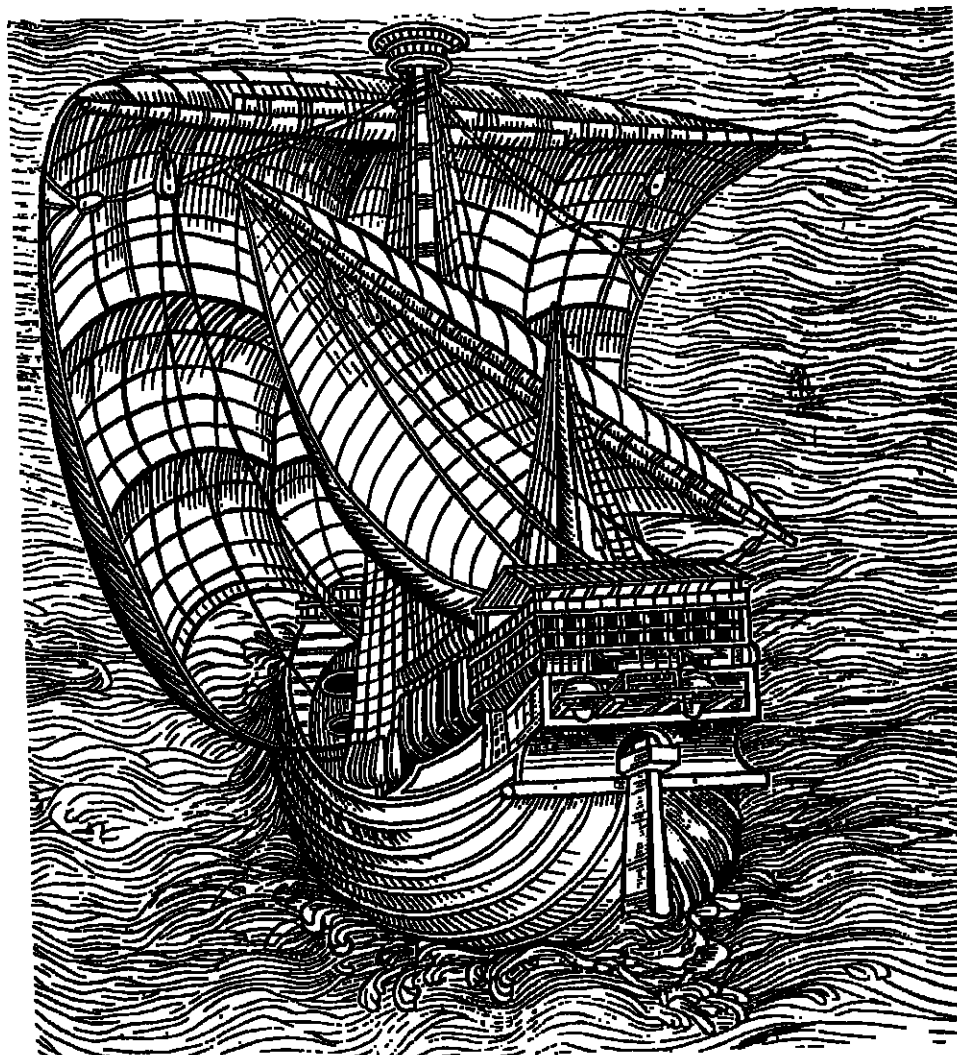
Blest village

H. R. Loyn

JACK RAVENSDALE
The Domesday Inheritance
176pp. Souvenir Press. £15.95.
0 285 62749 X

The Domesday Inheritance is a book about the village of Landbeach, five miles north of Cambridge along the Akenham Street on the way to Ely on the fringe of the Fens. Since the fourteenth century Corpus Christi College has owned one of its two manors, and has preserved its records on a scale that makes Landbeach one of the best-documented small communities in Britain. It has been lucky, too, in its owners: residents who at critical moments used and shaped the records for posterity. William Parker, Master of Corpus and creator

of one of the greatest libraries in the land, who held the living at Landbeach before becoming Elizabeth's archbishop; Robert Masters, the formidable eighteenth-century Rector; and now Jack Ravensdale, with his sensitive awareness of the patterns of continuity and change that go to make modern communities and landscapes. His photographs (and those of Richard Muir) add an attractive visual dimension to a book which skillfully and simply fits the pattern of local agrarian life (ploughs, meadows, field systems and church) into the national rhythms from Domesday Book through plague, the peasant drift to freedom, to fen navigation and the twentieth-century restoration. The two Domesday Book manors, later Brays and Chamberlains, can still be identified on the ground and in law: the County Copnell and Corpus are the lineal successors to the Domesday Book tenants.



An engraving of a German ship with square sail and stern rudder; originally from *Peregrinations of Brendenbach*, Mainz 1486, it is reproduced here from *The Cambridge History of the Middle Ages 1220-1520* edited by Robert Fossier (554pp. Cambridge University Press. £25. 0 521 26646 7).

in a wider region. If Havering was an unusual manor, Sussex was an unusual county. Its elongated shape, and its lack both of an obvious county (even the county court moved around) and of any pre-eminent magnate, left its knightly families more tightly bound to their tenants and neighbours than to lords or to their fellow gentry in other parts of the shire. Saul concentrates on three such families, the Etchingshams, the Sackvilles and the Waleyses, whose manors, by a piece of good fortune rare for their circle, have in part survived.

His thoughts on their economic circumstances after the Black Death will probably provoke most interest, for the prosperity of the knightly class at this time is peculiarly difficult to gauge. The Etchingshams, at least, seem to have done well for themselves, certainly until the late 1370s and possibly beyond. They were able to avoid the soaring wage-bills which afflicted other landowners by making their farm manager, the reeve, pay excess wages from his own pocket, while at the same time compensating him by slackening their control over his perquisites. That the gentry are unlikely to have been doing badly in the late fourteenth century has until now been little more than a commonly held intuition. Here it receives reasoned support.

Like many of their kind, Saul's gentry were not only estate managers but *dévots*, at a time when devoutness was taking new forms. The declining interest of the Etchingshams in their family monastery at Robertsbridge, for instance, and their grandiose rebuilding of Etchingham parish church in the 1360s reflect a move away from the traditional ecclesiastical institutions towards a more domesticated religion: a trend often commented on, but rarely so precisely exemplified as here.

Saul's book has many of the same qualities as distinguished his earlier pioneering study of the Gloucestershire gentry: an awareness of geography, a sense of place, and a perceptive eye for the physical remains of the past, as well as for the records. But some faults have to be set against the rewards and discoveries which he offers. His interpretations are sometimes open to question. In puzzling over the peculiar fact that in the 1370s and 1380s Sir William Etchingham was apparently paying his bills in grain rather than cash, he dismisses shortage of coin as a possible explanation. Yet there is a good deal of evidence for just such a shortage in just this period. In other places the book shows signs of hasty production, with

cross-references uninserted, proof-reading errors, an incomplete index, and one passage from a document transcribed in different ways on different pages. There is no map to locate the manors mentioned, nor any list of their surviving account-rolls, making it difficult to assess the quantity of evidence available for each. Despite these minor blemishes, it remains a highly individual and enterprising work, whose narrowly focused beam illuminates a wide and obscure tract of country.

In their particularity the studies of both McIntosh and Saul show how varied was the medieval social landscape. Beneath the large and unifying simplicities of royal and noble lordship, county and manor, lay a diversity of local societies, matching the intimate, patchwork quality of the physical landscape from which social variations so often derived. Trevor Rowley's book deals mainly with man's impact on that landscape. Although his is not primarily a work of original research and is intended for the general reader, he offers much more than the familiar trudge around wool churches and deserted villages. Drawing on wide reading, and aided by his own sharp eye, he provides a valuable synthesis of recent work. Anyone wanting to know the state of play on the evolution of field systems or the interpretation of moated house sites should start here. On some subjects - the failure of the Welsh Marcher boroughs is a notable case - Rowley gives us what cannot be found elsewhere. This is an encouraging book, for it proves that the specialized monograph does not rule and that good history can still be written for the layman. If such intelligent popularization can grow from an expanding view of what constitutes academic history, that can only be to the subject's benefit.

In *Feudalism to Capitalism: Peasant and landlord in English agrarian development* (255pp. Macmillan, £8.95. 0 333 40476 9) John E. Martin attempts "to analyse the development of feudalism and the transition to capitalism in the hope that a more adequate understanding of the emergence of capitalism in the West might arise". He discusses "the concepts by which structural analysis of feudalism and the transition to capitalism may be achieved" and considers "the significance of class struggle between peasant and landlord in engendering the changes which occurred". The book includes as a case-study an analysis of the Midlands Revolt of 1607.

John E. Martin

From street-wise to rule-free

Alan Forrest

DAVID GARROCH
Neighbourhood and Community in Paris 1740-1790
278pp. Cambridge University Press. £27.50.
0521 30732.5
JACQUES-LOUIS MÉNÉTRA
Journal of My Life
Translated by Arthur Goldhammer
368pp. New York: Columbia University Press.
\$30.
0231 06128.5

Community is a very amorphous concept, whether for the historian or for the student of contemporary society. Unlike the relationships of the workplace, ties of neighbourhood and locality can seem dull, a rather prosaic amalgam of gossip and routine. Especially damaging is the tendency to blend community with nostalgia, to treat the everyday social intercourse of the street and the market as part of a sepia-tinted picture of a world we have lost. In Britain a whole publishing industry has grown up around nostalgia of this kind, often focusing on urban communities in the East End of London or in the mill-towns of the North. In

France, where more city-dwellers have their roots in the soil, community tends to be presented as an essentially rural quality, and regiments of sociologists have descended on hapless Breton villagers in the footsteps of Pierre-Jakez Hélias. The resultant monographs are often excellent in themselves. But, as David Garroch explains in his study of eighteenth-century Paris, there has been little attempt to integrate findings on the nature of community into the mainstream of popular history.

Of course Garroch is not the first to show such awareness: in Louis Chevalier's work on nineteenth-century Paris there is a more than passing acquaintance with the local community; and Richard Cobb has written of the neighbourhood that make up the city with a sensitivity that betrays deep affection. Where the present study breaks new ground is in offering a detailed account of the overlapping sociabilities which constituted the local community in which Parisians lived – the worlds of stairway and courtyard, of family and workmates, of labour and recreation. Garroch's book is based largely on an analysis of the disputes which came before the *commissaires au Châtelet* in the second half of the eighteenth century. It is true that not all Parisians are equally represented: the rich and powerful

scarcely appear at all, and unskilled workers only rarely. But for shopkeepers, journeymen and workshop masters these documents are an unparalleled source of information and insight.

The picture that emerges is of a society where neighbourhood played a formative role in shaping people's lives and perceptions. Children grew up in the neighbourhood, developing local ties and friendships which would last for the rest of their lives. The social skills which they picked up in their youth came as much from the street as from their families. The street, indeed, was all-important – it was the street which defined the local community, with its shops and market-stalls, its bars and wine-shops, perceived as part of a shared community territory, as extensions of the public domain. The street was also the accepted focus for community activity and for public confrontation. Much of the evidence of the Châtelet concerns disputes over territory and the use of space, disputes which were generally conducted in the full glare of communal publicity, by carefully regulated insults. In sifting and presenting this evidence, Garroch goes far to re-create the mentalities and shared experience of ordinary Parisians in the decades before the French Revolution.

Jacques-Louis Ménétra was the product of just such a community in eastern Paris, a glass-worker who served his apprenticeship, left on his *tour de France*, and returned to Paris, where he settled down in his turn as a workshop master. His journal, reproduced here with a splendid commentary by Daniel Roche, is a precious social document, a unique glimpse into the eighteenth-century craftsman's world. In many respects it is a farago of boasts and lies, but its significance rests less in the things

he claims to have done than in the vision it provides of the values of his times. For here is an account of what Ménétra wanted to be remembered by, the kinds of stories with which he might impress his friends. He devotes much space to his youth and to the years he spent on the road – like many craftsmen he looked back with great warmth on that period of adolescence and camaraderie, of companionship and fun. Away from home for the first time, the young artisan was freed from the strict code of family and community, and it was this absence of rules which was his most powerful image of the new life. Fantasy and pleasure became the alternative code of the young, who gave over their leisure to pranks and laughter and, above all, to the rites of friendship. Money was no longer earned than it was spent on lavish communal meals and long nights of carousing. Their culture was a violent one, with frequent brawls between *compagnons* and clashes with their masters. In many ways they were the football supporters of their generation, hedonistic and care-free and at war with established authority. It was a masculine culture of shared joys, shared deprivation, and shared sexual experience.

Sex, indeed, plays a large part in Ménétra's memories of his past – in his youth, before married and settled down, he records fifty sexual encounters, without counting occasional romps with prostitutes and illegitimate daughters, too numerous or too insignificant to mention. Of the women we learn little. In the macho world of the artisan they were *femmes*, conquests to be boasted about, trophies to be held aloft as evidence of sexual prowess. Ménétra may often be crudely exploitative, but he is never erotic.

Cross-Channel purposes

Roger Mettam

JEREMY BLACK
Natural and Necessary Enemies: Anglo-French relations in the eighteenth century
220pp. Duckworth. £19.95.
0715620940

In two years, Jeremy Black has produced three substantial books and a number of smaller pieces, a considerable physical achievement. Unfortunately, this latest work has all the faults of his earlier writings. An addicted researcher, he revels in archival sources and quotes from them incessantly, but he persistently fails to stand back and evaluate them for the historian. In contrast, he dismisses many other historians in a cavalier manner, without any attempt at debate. Significantly, therefore, this book contains an impressive list of the archives he has used – from Vienna, Dresden and Turin to Gateshead, Chewton Mendip and Columbus, Ohio – but no bibliography of secondary works. His debt to other scholars is briefly recorded only in occasional references among the otherwise heavily archival footnotes.

One of Black's charges against fellow writers has some substance. Many diplomatic historians prefer to study the progress of negotiations rather than the influence of domestic pressures on the making of foreign policy, but his decision to make a "noble exception of Graham Gibbs", while a wholly justified tribute to that much respected scholar, is a little hard on the few others who have written diplomatic history from this viewpoint. Ironically, Black demonstrates the difficulties of this approach through his own inability to offer a convincing assessment of internal pressures on policy-making in his chosen period.

The first part of the book is a chronological narrative, to provide a context for his subsequent discussion of themes. It contains a mass of detail, a host of personalities and a superfluity of quotations. Yet vital facts are omitted, trivial ones included, and certain undeniably important but obscure matters thrown in without explanation. The reader will need extensive prior knowledge in order to keep pace with Black, as he tries to condense eighty years of diplomacy in England, Hanover, France,

Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Prussia, Austria, Russia and the Dutch Republic into many pages. Nor is it clear that the resulting picture of ever-changing relationships, where the complex interests of individual nations dictated that no other power could consistently be an ally or an enemy, is an essential prerequisite for comprehending the analysis which follows. There are some surprising bibliographical omissions here, not least that of Michael Metcalf's important book on England, Russia and Swedish party politics, which would have improved Black's narrative.

The thematic chapters are frankly a disappointment. Black is obviously more at ease with the Walpole period than the later years, but even for the first half of the century there is no serious consideration of domestic influences on French foreign policy, despite his claims to the contrary in the conclusion. He concentrates on Britain and its perception of France, bombarding us with newspaper comment and snippets from correspondence. The results of his investigations are less than dramatic. The impact of religious differences remains "difficult to assess"; whether hostility towards France increased is also "a very difficult topic to assess"; so too the impact of incessant anti-French propaganda "is difficult to assess"; and later, "not that the intensity of hostility is easily susceptible of measurement". At the end of his extensive researches, Black gives the impression that he simply does not know what to conclude.

In his preface he suggests that, by studying the rapprochement of the Walpole-France period, he will prove Anglo-French animosity to have been less inevitable than historians have maintained. By his conclusion, he seems to have demonstrated the opposite. Of course the two powers might have had, in the short term, identical or compatible goals, but he stresses instead that they were "political, economic, colonial and commercial competitors", "ideological rivals", "competing states", "cultures and antagonistic peoples". What he does prove is that the French were much better at diplomacy than the British, and that the outspoken criticism of its own government by the British press, together with fierce denials in Parliament about foreign policy, led to European powers to regard Britain as not only an unreliable but also a weak state with whom to do diplomatic business.

Realists and anti-realists

Simon Blackburn

CRISPIN WRIGHT
Meaning and Truth
Oxford, Blackwell. £27.50.
0631 42215
ANTHONY APPIAH
The Truth in Semantics
Oxford, Blackwell. £22.50.
0631 45966

One of the most central, beautiful and difficult disputes in analytical philosophy for (at least) the past twenty-five years has concerned the role of truth and "truth conditions" in the theory of language. An extreme position holds that a proper view of the way sentences of language have their "truth condition" is the best thing that we need to know if we are to understand language. The focus in this view is upon the connection of language with the world: the connection effected because *names* refer to things, *predicates* delimit sets of things, and sentences are true or false in determinate circumstances. Compared to the technical problem of properly charting the structures whereby sentences obtain their meaning, other issues are secondary.

To most philosophers this view would seem at best complacent. It is a way of entering during Act Two of the drama, of failing to engage with the problems of how reference, predication, assertion and truth are even possible. It neglects the connection of the meaning of language with its use – with experience, activity, and with the responses and purposes of human beings in their societies. To others still there is no worthwhile focus of debate here: of course we must emphasize the use of sentences – their use in human beings in human circumstances – in thinking about meaning. But once that is done, we will have found what the theorists of truth wanted: a way of seeing how sentences connect with the world and have the truth conditions that they do.

In Great Britain the leading opponent both of the complacency of bare truth-theory, and of any peaceful compromise, has been Michael Dummett. His achievement was to take the matter away from the arena of ideological preferences and to give it a sharp focus. According to Dummett, a proper insistence upon use is certainly needed, and when it is supplied it radically affects the way in which the meaning of sentences is to be described. Either the notion of a "truth condition" is avoided altogether, or if it is allowed at all it walks on a very tight logical and epistemological rein. So light, in fact, that quite common ways of thought – notably our belief that every proposition is either true or false – cannot be guaranteed to be correct. In arriving at this conclusion, Dummett modelled his approach on that of the mathematical intuitionists, who, not unreasonably, believed that in mathematics proof is the prior notion to truth, and used this to force modifications in our notion of truth, and its midwife, inference. The conception of a truth condition Dummett opposes is usually called a "realist" one, and his "anti-realist" polemic is aimed at finding a suitable replacement for it.

The central insight Dummett used to support his challenge was this: just as in mathematics certain statements may be undecidable (eg. "Every even number is the sum of two prime numbers"), so in general our language allows us to frame many hypotheses which, if they are true, are undetectably true or "verification transcendent". If we understand such hypotheses by grasping their truth condition, it then seems that we must be grasping something that we have no means of detecting what it is that we have grasped. But according to Dummett this is a highly uncomfortable position. We must acquire a certain understanding of it (the "acquisition" argument). How can we show that we have acquired it (the "manifestation" argument)? And how can we intelligibly aim to grasp it, in making assertions intended to be true in cases it exists (the "normativity" argument)? The undetectable truth condition becomes like Wittgenstein's beetle-in-the-box: something whose role vanishes, leaving the language of linguistic communication to be understood without reference to it.

According to Dummett and Wright, therefore, the right approach is rather to understand the practice by concentrating on the detectable circumstances that license assertions: on the *assertibility conditions* of sentences. For we can know in ordinary empirical ways what these are: the norm for assertion must be a detectable norm, for then we can acquire understanding of what it is, show that we have it, and aim to meet it. The (Wittgensteinian) doctrine that meaning is use here shows its teeth: it must at least imply that meaning is detectable use. In this way assertibility-conditions usurp the central place of truth conditions in classical semantic theory.

The argument is not, as it stands, a verificationist argument. On the contrary, rather than urging that we cannot really make sense of sentences with undetectable truth conditions, Dummett is using the fact that we do make sense of them to argue that it cannot be by means of classical truth conditions that we do so. Nevertheless, the case has affinities with verificationism. It is the undetectability of such a truth condition that damns it as a proper theoretical concept in semantics. And Dummett himself has sometimes framed his case in terms reminiscent of old Vienna: above all in a tendency to suppose that the "manifestation" to whom a thinker must be able to display understanding is confined to mere observations of the scene, which seems an unfortunately passive model of the best way facts are ever "available" to consciousness.

In an influential address to the British philosophers in 1976, P. F. Strawson elegantly put the case that Dummett's challenge to orthodox semantics depended on ignoring our synthetic powers of theory and concept formation. It is fruitless, he argued, to try to wash away the rock of truth that our concepts enable us to understand ourselves as in a world which extends boundlessly beyond the fragments of which we have experience. It is one of the great merits of Wright's essays in *Realism, Meaning and Truth* that they tackle squarely the problem of presenting the case without neglecting the complexities in any of these areas.

The eleven essays in Wright's collection divide broadly into two groups. Those in the first, or negative group are concerned to make good the case against classical semantics. Those in the second group turn to the positive programme of substituting a new style of semantic theory for the old. They form a very impressive collection indeed: informed, subtle, well-researched, and showing a mastery grasp of the hardest philosophical and logical issues. It is here that the anti-realist research programme has been pursued with the most care and intensity. They make few concessions to the reader. But there can be no excuse, after this volume, for thinking that the train of thought that opposes the classical picture depends entirely on positivist legacies.

To many onlookers it has proved baffling to see why truth conditions for undecidable statements should arouse such suspicion, when their meaning does not. Wright sometimes presents it as though a truth condition is, like an old photograph, something to be recognized, manifested, displayed, available, grasped. The "undetectable truth condition" of realist semantics is then made to seem to lack essential qualities, like an invisible photograph. It is, fatally, something "of which" we could not have knowledge, nor therefore can we aim to grasp it or show ourselves to have grasped it. But does this problem depend on a covert reification, treating a truth condition as a kind of surrogate thing? Suppose it is undetectably true that James I weighed seventy-five kilos on his thirty-second birthday. The fact that he did so has perhaps gone forever without trace. But does this make it unavailable, incapable of being grasped? The natural reply is that there is no space between grasping the truth condition and understanding the sentence. Someone who knows what it would have been for James I to weigh so much can be described as doing either. Wright's question is whether there is a distinctive ability whose exercise could serve as a display of this alleged knowledge, and a good deal of the negative part of his book is taken up with rebutting various suggestions about what this ability might be.

But even when these rebuttals are successful, it remains obscure why Wright finds it easier to suppose that there are abilities which

display an understanding of the meaning, than that there are any which display "knowledge of the truth condition". The former would include sensitivity to the right kind of evidence, awareness of the potential defeasibility of evidence, and awareness of the kinds of contingency that prevent evidence from being available, culminating sometimes in a preparedness to realize that we might never be able to know the truth on such a matter (by triangulation we get an adequate fix on the beetle in its box). Why shouldn't these simply display what grasp of the truth condition involves?

The best answer from these essays is that if we take this line we are already shifting our philosophy in a typically anti-realist direction. The realist, on this account, thinks that the place of an assertion in our thoughts is explained by the truth condition that it has; now, however, the truth condition is revealed as an epiphenomenon, a theoretical notion identified solely by the place the assertion has in our practices of taking things in more or less complicated and defensible ways as evidence for it. The realist wants more from the truth condition than this gives him, so that he can think of it as something independent of our assertoric practices which enters into the explanation of them. Then he falls victim to the anti-realist polemic. But it is only by wanting this much more that he deserves his title of realist, for otherwise assertibility conditions are indeed playing the fundamental role in the theory of understanding. In this light, the realist's fault was not mention of undetectable truth conditions – for now we can all join in talking of such things whenever it is undetectable whether X. His fault was to see such things as explanatory of our practices. In this version of the issue, Strawson's rocks of truth are above the waterline, for the seas of argument are concerned to interpret our practices, not to change them.

This answer is best, although it by no means wins the day for anti-realist. It implies a stark contrast between seeing truth conditions as explanatory fundamental, and seeing assertoric practices as so. But in many cases this contrast needs to be viewed with suspicion. It is especially dangerous to suppose that assertoric practices are in standard cases more readily perceived or known about than the very things at which they apparently aim (this is like the literary heresy of supposing that texts are the only things in the world we can think about). The mind that has not learned to think in terms of space, time, causation, and undetectable possibilities is not well equipped to think about assertoric practices either. Typically, an understanding of such a practice and an understanding of its point are too intertwined for there to be a good question of priority. But in some hard cases – statements about the sensations of others, the distant past, classical infinities, possibilities, morals – there is much to be said for identifying our conception of the facts in terms of our practices, with indefinite and incomplete quantities of evidence for them.

There are signs in these essays, and in the introduction, of a gradual shift towards seeing the matter in just this light. It is certainly a light that the work of the later Wittgenstein encour-

ages. But it apparently blends badly with one part of the earlier work of Dummett and Wright. This was modelled on intuitionism, and involved possible revisions of logic, in the belief that a proper understanding of the revolution between assertion and truth might undermine cherished inferential practices. On the present suggestion, that will not happen: truth is just whatever property is needed to fit in with existing evidential and inferential practices. These cannot be undermined by thinking about something that is their own shadow. They could only be undermined by (such things as) genuine unsoundness; but classical logic is sound. Dummett thinks this conservatism involves an unattractive "holism" of meaning, but it is far from evident that this is so. Wright is extremely sensitive to this problem, and some of the most interesting chapters of the book show him tackling the question of how to relate what might be called the Wittgensteinian and the Intuitionist wings of anti-realism.

In so far as the Wittgensteinian wing is triumphant, it also puts out of court another technical exercise, which is the focus of Anthony Appiah's lucid critical study *For Truth in Semantics*, and of Wright's positive essays. The problem here is this. When detectable assertibility conditions first sought the throne as the central concept in the theory of meaning, it seemed to anti-realists that the technical semantic descriptions of language ought to proceed in terms of them. But these descriptions aim to reveal the content of sentences, and the way that content depends upon vocabulary and structure. Now an undetectable content cannot be identified simply by associating it with a detectable one. So a formula like "Sentence S is assertible if and only if P", where P describes the proper kind of evidence for S, will not give the content of S: we do not know what is left over beyond P, or capable of being true in the absence of P. There has to be such a mismatch, or S would be as detectably true as P is. So such a description does not reveal the content, and is unfit for that place in semantic theory.

Wright shows dogged determination in chasing this problem through many kinds of suggestions, and Appiah is equally dogged in hounding him down as the suggestions fail. The focus of debate is again tensed assertion, since the once and for all fact of what James I weighed on his thirty-second birthday contrasts so starkly with the changeable evidence succeeding investigators might obtain about it. But it is a little hard to see why the debate should ever have got started in these terms. The difference in content between S and P is built into the problem from the outset, and from the Wittgensteinian point of view, it is nothing to be regretted. On the anti-realist story as it now is, truth (and content) emerges from assertoric practices. But there is no reason to deny ourselves use of the specific notions that do emerge, or to regret their contrast with assertibility, or to fail to use them in specifying content.

Appiah's study is refreshingly easy to read by the standards of work on this subject, and is especially well faced with useful examples. It is



Association of Art Historians 13th annual conference

will be held at the Victoria & Albert Museum, London SW7 2RL

28th to 30th March 1987

Enquiries to: Diana Dehloff, Westfield College,
Hamstead, London NW3 7ST.
Tel: 01-435-7141

The 8th international

ART HISTORY BOOK FAIR

will also be held at the Victoria & Albert Museum from 28th to 30th March 1987

Entrance FREE, everyone welcomes to browse or to buy

The Fair offers a unique showcase of books, magazines and audio visual material on all the visual arts including antiquities, architecture, crafts, design, film and photography from around the world.

Enquiries to: Pamela Courtney, Director of Publicity, Association of Art Historians,
Albert House, Monington-on-Wye, Hereford HR4 7NL
Tel: Maccas (09871)-344

Buried insights

D. W. Hamlyn

JULES VUILLEMIN
What Are Philosophical Systems?
163pp. Cambridge University Press. £25.
0521 305403

excellent on the contrast between assertibility and truth, but not sympathetic enough to the possibility just mentioned that the anti-realist might embrace the contrast without losing his distinctive position. Its main positive contribution is perhaps the reminder that it is not only what counts as evidence for a belief, but also what its consequences are, that must finally identify its "use".

How do these debates relate to more traditional philosophical issues? Dummett and Wright have often been accused of kidnapping the contrast between realism and anti-realism, and using it to label an arcane and idiosyncratic set of problems. But this should now seem quite wrong (although it may be harder to make a case that they have a genuinely new and overarching perspective on these problems). The issue of whether we really explain cognitive practices by adverting to certain kinds of fact or merely appear to do so, is always central in local debates about realism. The realist explains our thought as an attempt to depict or represent such facts, and the anti-realist refuses to allow that such a gloss explains anything. Traditional focuses of debate include mathematics, morals and possible worlds. The realist starts off by claiming that we need to see our assertions as relating to special kinds of facts. The anti-realist is suspicious of the explanatory use of these alleged facts for a variety of reasons (moral facts? possible worlds?) and seeks to give an account of thoughts in the area which do not mention such things. But, in so far as he is successful, he ends up explaining how we arrive at the distinctive content of the assertions, how we can talk of their truth, how far it is detectable, what its consequences are, and why we need not feel philosophically guilty doing so. This is better than the illusion of explanation that complacent mention of facts or truth conditions offers. The deeper understanding it promises may solve the question of our right to classical notions.

But the road is often difficult, and thankless when, on the Wittgensteinian route, it ends with saying things that are carelessly taken to be distinctive of realism. People are then apt to think: why bother to think with the learned, which is hard work. If you end up speaking with the vulgar, which is what we did anyhow? It is easy to forget that great philosophy almost always takes us to familiar places, but by unfamiliar means. It is not the least of Wright's virtues that he has followed the road so relentlessly and mapped its vicissitudes so honestly. It is to be hoped that others follow.

Metaphilosophy is not a very fruitful discipline, so few are likely to approach Jules Vuillemin's book with keen expectations. Reading the book may well provoke other emotions. A good deal of it is devoted to first-level philosophical issues, problems of perception, language and ontology, for example, out of which the classification of philosophical systems—between which, incidentally, Professor Vuillemin refuses to adjudicate—somehow emerges. How they do so is somewhat obscure, fundamentally because of the book's great compression. It is not exactly over-long, at about 160 pages including notes, for dealing with the vast range of issues which it broaches.

The first chapter aims at "sketching the phenomenology of sensible appearances" and to provide a "description of perceptual organization" which will be independent of, and thus prior to, language. Oddly enough, however, the phenomenology bases itself on something like an associationist doctrine of impressions linked by relations of contiguity and resemblance, and there are many references to Hume. This is a strange starting-point for a phenomenology, since the Humean analysis of experience into impressions and ideas has a purely epistemological basis. Vuillemin claims to provide an account of perceptual organization which language must communicate in terms of impressions, images and representations organized only by contiguity and resemblance. Individual theses are put forward in the midst of all this which provide illuminating insights into aspects of perception but the overall scheme seems very odd.

Much the same has to be said about the treatment of language. Vuillemin, reasonably enough, takes the sentence to be the "ultimate constituent of linguistic communication", but then sets out to provide a "deduction", in the Kantian sense, of the categories of natural languages via a classification of elementary singular sentences and how terms figure in them. Perceptual organization is communicated in the ways in which signs in a sentence that "bear the burden of referring" are bound together syntactically. The principle of the "deduction" is said to be, "that the conditions of possibility

for building the symbolic chain constitutive of the singular sentence are identical with the conditions of possibility for identifying the individuals". There will be as many categories of individuals as there are kinds of elementary symbolic chains apt to be united, and this list of categories "must be put in correspondence with perceptual organization".

The third chapter claims to offer an account of how, in terms of the preceding chapters, we are to construe the development from "myth" to "free philosophy". Vuillemin sees this development as correlative with that of the rise of "axiomatics". Despite what purport to be illustrations of this thesis by reference to one of Zeno's paradoxes of motion and, more briefly, to the Stoic and Megarian discussions of freedom versus necessity, the connection between "free philosophy" and axiomatics remains most obscure. There is, finally, a putative classification of philosophical systems, i.e. ontologies based on what the philosopher in question takes as the highest principles of reality, given the earlier analysis of elementary sentences.

What is one to make of all this? On the face of it, very little. There is reason to doubt several of the more general theses—for example, the emphasis upon axiomatics, and the details of the analysis of perceptual organization; but the more detailed claims defy, more often than not, adequate assessment. If Vuillemin had wanted himself to be understood, he should have written at far greater length and at a lower level of abstraction.

Vuillemin's notes reveal great learning and a wide knowledge of philosophical and other issues both of a historical and of a more substantive kind, and there are in the book, as I have implied, a number of insights on particular issues. It is a great pity that these should be buried in a work whose structure and level of discussion will ensure that they remain buried.

Questions of being

Christopher Janaway

ERNST TUGENDHAT
Self-consciousness and Self-determination
Translated by Paul Stern
339 pp. MIT Press. £29.95.
0262 200562

"Whenever we used overly grandiose expressions in his seminars, Heidegger time and again demanded, 'Let's have the small change.' " This unlikely remark half-way through Ernst Tugendhat's series of lectures sets up resonances that permeate the whole of the book. We are abruptly reminded that the author has deep roots in the German philosophical world. Abruptly, because the undoubted hero up until this point has been Wittgenstein—a far more likely candidate for the "small change" remark, as Tugendhat himself appreciates.

These lectures, delivered in 1974-5 in Heidelberg, and published in German in 1979, are much preoccupied with methodology. Tugendhat is something of an evangelist for the approaches of analytical philosophy, which he presents, with a striking baldness and confidence, as radically new to his German audience. The chief target is what he dubs the "Heidelberg School", led by Dieter Henrich, and the chief task to convince them that their view of self-consciousness, largely defined by the framework of conceptions bequeathed by "the tradition" culminating in Kant, Fichte and Hegel, must yield to up-to-date analytical methods.

The question must be raised: "Why translate these lectures into English now, twelve years later?" At first sight they are both too near to the present to be of great interest to a historian of philosophy, and too remote from the forefront of current English-speaking philosophy to put much use. An English audience must be largely unfamiliar with Tugendhat's immediate antagonists, and too familiar with the claim that analytical philosophy can sort out the muddles of all previous philosophers. Then there are other drawbacks of content and of method. Not everyone will find it refreshing, for example, to have it explained in simple language what an indexical or a singular term is. Certainly, most, including the average undergraduate, will not be happy to read in

Matisse's 'crying', "Margot in a kimono", 1913, reproduced from Matisse Prints from the Museum of Modern Art (1999). The Fort Worth Museum of Modern Art, 0870704397.

passing that knowledge is justified truth, a question supposedly settled by Plato. Many will find that Tugendhat's explanation of philosophy as "linguistic analysis" has become a unique mixture of the banal and the utterly bizarre.

Tugendhat treats "self-consciousness" "self-determination" distinctly, though thinks neither can be correctly understood without first jettisoning the model of a like subject confronted by a thing-like object. First we are to realize that immediate knowledge of oneself is propositional in form, ways knowledge that I am in some psychological state. Tugendhat's no-nonsense account of what this involves is straight Wittgenstein: don't identify myself by any criteria in making psychological states to myself, but by my self-ascription is linked to public criteria without. This part of the book has a certain appeal in its directness, but suffers from confronting many complexities that have entered these debates.

Self-determination, however, explained Tugendhat as a "practical relation of oneself", seems to offer more. It is here Heidegger assumes the prominent role. Tugendhat comes into his own. For to Heidegger's work live one arguably sympathetic insight into his basic project along with the facility to demand the change and supply it when Heidegger's Tugendhat develops a persuasive account of the central theme of *Being and Time* as the necessity of having to ask oneself, with regard to one's immediately impending future, (or who) it is one wants to be. The whole mysterious "question of being" is seen to concern a very radical freedom to question one's desires about what sort of desires one has—have one's "second-order" desires to have to one's own existence as such. Tugendhat then leaves Heidegger behind in favour of a revised conception of rational self-determination within a set of social roles, inspired by G. H. Mead.

Despite its limitations, the book is of interest for its wide-ranging exploration of the nature of self-determination, and because of its attempt to combine an English style of philosophy with a real understanding of German philosophical tradition.

Living in revelation

Peter Baelz

PAUL AVIS
Ecumenical Theology and the elusiveness of doctrine
Opp. SPCK. Paperback, £5.95.
0201 04187
CHRISTIAN DUQUOC
Provisional Churches
Translated by John Bowden
Opp. SCM. Paperback, £4.95.
0301 38100

Emergences of doctrine within the Christian Church have from time to time led to disruption and division. For the truth, it seems, cannot tolerate what it regards as erroneous teaching. Salvation depends on getting it right. At the same time, however, ecumenical endeavour, inspired by charity and based on a conviction that the Church should be one, even if God is one, searches for a common mind on the fundamentals of faith. Discussions between theologians of different Churches, representing different traditions, have been a increasingly prominent feature of this century. The method most commonly used has been to trace the history of doctrinal disagreement back behind the point at which division occurred, to look for the misunderstandings and distortions which occasioned the break, and to attempt to rethink and restate the doctrine in an acceptable and comprehensive way, so as to incorporate the valid if partial insights which each of the divergent traditions has been determined, even at the cost of schism, to affirm.

This method has met with considerable success. For example, the Anglican-Roman Catholic International Commission has over the past sixteen years shown a remarkable convergence of thinking on the doctrines of the eucharist and ministry—sufficient, it is argued, to justify practical steps towards some expression of visible unity. Even on the more searching question of authority there has been a significant *rapprochement*, although here, it must be said, there remain obstacles to be overcome and discords to be resolved.

It is no way detracts from the value of the work that has been done to raise some searching questions about the nature and limitations of the method itself. Does it, for example, rest on the assumption that there is an essential core of Christian belief which can be articulated in objective and universally valid doctrines, and that this core is to be discovered in

some original and unbroken deposit of faith before divisions occurred? If so, does it also assume that assent to the truth of these doctrines—an assent of faith—ultimately depends on the acceptance of some infallible authority, whether this be the authority of an inerrant scripture, or, since scripture itself has no plain and obvious meaning but calls for interpretation, the authority of an infallible teaching office within the Church?

It is because it faces this question fairly and squarely that Paul Avis's *Ecumenical Theology and the elusiveness of doctrine* is so important. He expresses in closely reasoned argument the instinctive anxieties which many Anglicans feel about dogmatic Roman Catholic claims to infallibility, however carefully and however narrowly these claims may be circumscribed. The question that has to be faced in the discussion of authority is not simply the question whether Anglicans might accept, in one form or another, the primacy of the Bishop of Rome. Nor is it simply a question of the ways in which authority should be exercised within the Church—although, it has to be admitted, when Anglicans talk of the need for authority to be "dispersed", part of what they are expressing is a deep suspicion of any monolithic and hierarchical system of control. Rather, the fundamental question concerns the very nature of the authority to which the Church may properly lay claim.

Dr Avis distinguishes between two distinct and ultimately incompatible ideas of Christian authority. The first is an authority of doctrine, consisting of a corpus of revealed truths. What, according to this idea, has been given to the Church by way of revelation, so constituting the rock on which the Church is built, is a set of truths which go beyond the power of unaided reason to discover and must therefore be accepted on the basis of testimony. This testimony, if it is to merit trust, must be utterly reliable. Hence we find an irresistible progression from claims to truth based on testimony to claims of infallibility. Some dogma of infallibility, it would appear, however stringently it may be defined, is implicit in the very idea of revealed truths.

This, however, is not the only way of understanding the nature of revelation, the givenness of faith and the consequent claim to authority. Nor indeed, Avis argues, is it the typically Anglican way. Although there are groups and individuals within the Anglican Church who hanker after some sort of infallibility as an objective correlate to subjective

certainty, in so doing they err. What is given in revelation is a person and a life, not a set of doctrines. In William Temple's celebrated dictum, "there are no revealed truths, only truths of revelation". Or, as A. N. Whitehead put it, "Christ gave his life; it is for Christians to discern the doctrine". The notion of truth implicit in this point of view is that of personal truth. Being in the truth is prior to knowing about the truth. Propositional truth is not ruled out, nor is its importance denied. But its function in theology is restricted. Consequently, as Avis points out, the proper goal of theological endeavour is no more and no less than an adequacy of doctrine, and all talk of infallibility must be abandoned.

The distinction between personal and propositional truth is not a new one. Indeed Avis himself draws upon the writings of Coleridge, F. D. Maurice, Archbishop Temple and others, and, in more specifically philosophical vein, John Macmurray and Michael Polanyi. It is an important distinction and deserves more thorough analysis than it has yet been given. One fruitful line of reflection might be to develop H. H. Price's suggestion that it is love that comes first in the epistemology of faith, a suggestion that is echoed in the very different writings of Bernard Lonergan. This, it is worth noting, chimes in with the whole mystical tradition. But whereas appeal to the reasons of the heart has all too often been made an excuse to oust reasons of the intellect, their respective functions are in fact complementary rather than contradictory. Granted that there may be a truth that can be recognized only by the pure in heart, nevertheless within the response of the whole person, embracing insight, feeling and creative reason, the intellect will have its own ascetic and critical part to play.

If living in the truth is an aspect of Christian faith more fundamental than believing certain propositions to be true, then unity of faith, marked by a shared vision and orientation, may be compatible with a certain diversity of doctrine. A pluralism of understanding and interpretation may even be enriching, and not simply the outcome of limited understanding. Thus Avis argues that, at its best, the Anglican claim to "comprehensiveness" is neither a simple juxtaposition of different views, nor an uneasy compromise between them, nor even a freedom to pick and choose from the available theological options. Rather, it is a recognition, within the context of personal truth, of the necessary polarity of propositional truths which demand to be held in tension with one

another. Thus the authority of the Church is to be found as much in its worship, practical love and holiness of living as in its doctrine, and the unity of the Church as much in its way, or method, of making its judgments as in its conclusions. Avis concludes:

The search for common ground is usually confined to fundamental tenets of doctrine. But might it not be the case that there is also a tacit grammar of faith, subsisting below the threshold of explicit theology, which is capable of being brought out into the open and shown to be a significant dimension of the essential unity of churches?

Although he recognizes that the ecumenical theology which he is advocating will inevitably have an Anglican perspective, Avis distinguishes between ecumenical theology written from within a confessional tradition and confessional theology itself. The former will possess an openness which is lacking in the latter. It is all the more significant, therefore, to observe parallel movements of thought among theologians of other traditions. Roman Catholic included. In *Provisional Churches* Christian Duquoc, Professor of Dogmatics in the Catholic Faculty of the University of Lyons, argues that the historical plurality of the Churches must be the starting-point of any convincing ecclesiology, and that "the aim of unity does not call for the abolition of multiplicity". The classical notion that there is some given ideal norm of the Church which must be imposed by a central authority is rejected. There never was such an ideal Church, and never will be this side of the coming kingdom. The traditional marks of the Church—its unity, holiness, catholicity and apostolicity—are eschatological concepts. They introduce into the empirical Churches, which are provisional, the transcendent elements of judgment and hope. It has been a cardinal error of the past to try to embody this symbolic order in a legal order. According to Duquoc, even *Lumen Gentium*, promulgated at Vatican II, "hides the historicity of the church and risks promoting... an idealistic ecclesiology" because of its "deductive dogmatic character". Duquoc's approach is in many ways complementary to that of Avis. "Ecumenism as a task and as an opening up of thought begins where this multiplicity [of the Churches] is welcomed in a positive way." Although he does not actually say so, it would seem to follow that infallibility, like the other marks of the Church, is an eschatological concept. It belongs to God and his kingdom, not to the historical Churches in their pilgrimage.

The materialist's world

G. Madell

PETER CARRUTHERS
Introducing Persons: Theories and arguments in the philosophy of mind
265pp. Croom Helm. £8.95.
0 7099 34319

Introducing Persons is an excellent book—an unfailingly lucid and succinct introduction to the philosophy of mind, rigorously argued, comprehensive and up-to-date. The emphasis on formal rigour is especially pleasing, and anyone who works through this book will have a secure grasp of the issues in contemporary philosophy of mind. Peter Carruthers has also succeeded in connecting up the central issues in this area and presenting them in a continuous argument—the argument links together the topics of other minds, materialism, personal identity, and "private languages".

He rightly feels that the best way of introducing students to these issues is by arguing through to what he feels to be the correct answer to each question, rather than by undertaking an impartial survey of the various positions. Such an approach requires, nevertheless, that the strongest arguments on all sides of an issue be presented as forcefully as possible, and, in the main, this condition is met. In his discussion of the "private language" issue, in particular, he raises some fresh points which, he argues, enable him to accept the failure of a straight Functional analysis of sensations, and to replace this by an account which sees sensations as a conjunction of qualitative feel and causal role. Those who disagree with the

materialism, which Carruthers espouses will be grateful to him for providing what is probably the clearest and fullest presentation of the materialist's case available today, even though they will doubt whether, for example, Kripke's anti-materialist intuitions, or Thomas Nagel's claim that materialism is unable to capture what it is like to have an experience, can be dealt with in the ways suggested by Carruthers.

There are two weaknesses in the book, however. First, any discussion of the difficulties which confront materialism ought to consider the question of how "indexical" thought—thought whose content is conveyed by using expressions like "I", "this", "here", "now"—can be accommodated by materialism; connectedly, it is far from clear that even a complete materialist description of the world can give us any understanding of what it could be for some particular assembly of elementary particles to be "me", or "this". But Carruthers's book, like most contemporary treatments of materialism, has nothing to say on this issue. Second, in his presentation of a roughly Cartesian view of personal identity, he does not, I think, give an adequate account of the opposing non-reductionist view. Some philosophers, not all of whom are opposed to materialism, have argued that the identity of the self over time is both strict and not reducible to psychological and bodily continuity. One gets very little sense of this position. Equally, it is arguable that there is no more to be said about what unites the set of experiences in my mind at any one time except that I am aware of them, a point which suggests that the issue of "soul identity" which Carruthers seeks to undermine by a materialist answer is, at best, a

"A master of prose conversation and deadpan charm."

(Tom O'Brien, New York Times Book Review)

Three New Books by Jack Matthews



Now Ghostly Populations

In his newest collection of stories Matthews brings us "little versions of the world" where legend, dream, and memory are indistinguishable, perhaps even interchangeable. A man keeps bumping into dead celebrities on city streets. Threatened by his stern grandmother, a boy sets off to follow a train whistle and join his dead mother in "the bad place." Uncanny truths emerge throughout, as *Ghostly Populations* explores the strange territory of those moments when the mind turns from the comfortable conventions of everyday reality—and is left to wander.

£11.75

Now in Paperback

Crazy Women

"Jack Matthews in his straightforward language reaches a point at which his facts take on ominous overtones, allow suggestions of horror, despair, threat to enter through the clear, undecorated logic of events.... His heights are towering and intense."

—Doris Grumbach, New York Times Book Review
—Perry Glasser, North American Review

Crazy Women brings together fourteen remarkable stories dedicated, "to all those who will understand how negotiable and variously ironic the title is."

£8.25 paperback
£10.20 hardcover

Now non-fiction

Booking in the Heartland

"When I buy an old book," writes Jack Matthews, "two histories converge. This is not peculiar to books—when two people come together, they are two pasts meeting." Matthews travels 30,000 miles a year for these meetings, finding them in an overlooked copy of Samuel Johnson's dictionary and a semiliterate cavalryman's letters home from a post near the Little Bighorn. Here they occasion meditations as delightfully miscellaneous as a bookshelf at a flea market, meditations both personal and philosophical in the broadest senses.

£13.30



THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY PRESS
c/o Trevor Brown Associates, Suite 7, 26 Charing Cross Road, London WC2H 0LN

Struggling to make sense

Adam Kuper

T. O. BEIDELMAN
Moral Imagination in Kaguru Modes of Thought
231pp. Indiana University Press. \$39.50.
0253 33876 X

At the turn of the century, professional anthropologists took over ethnographic fieldwork from the missionaries and district commissioners. The first generation of professionals specialized in surveys, spending only a few weeks in each tribe or island community but mapping vast ethnographic provinces. In the 1920s, Malinowski established a new apprenticeship which involved one to two years of intensive fieldwork in a single community. In the past three decades there has been yet further specialization. After the initial apprentice study, many ethnographers now return every couple

of years for a further season in the field, gaining a profound familiarity with a particular community over a long period. T. O. Beidelman's commitment provides a good example. His first spell of fieldwork among the Kaguru of Tanzania was in 1957. Since then he has returned three times and spent a total of thirty-six months doing research with the Kaguru and their neighbours.

One unconvincing result of such serial fieldwork is that the ethnographer may shy away from attempting a definitive monograph. Papers appear, but there always seems to be more to find out: letters from informants report new political and religious movements; yet another expedition is being planned. All the time, too, the ethnographer's interests and perceptions are shifting, and fashions are changing in the discipline. The problems which first engaged an ethnographer may come to seem less interesting, or less current. Professor Beidelman claims in addition a principled reason for his own delay in publishing a monograph. He is

convinced:

that most of us are too precipitate in publishing our views on our ethnographic research . . . Most anthropologists do their initial research while still in their twenties, as I did. While they undoubtedly often collect copious and accurate information, their youth probably impedes both their ability to appreciate society as a totality and, more serious, their appreciation of the essential paths and ambiguity of social life. If youth provides the robustness to facilitate ethnography, middle age provides reasoning and perspective.

Virginia Woolf wanted novelists to hold back until they were thirty. Beidelman evidently thinks anthropologists should hang on until their fifties, with a splendid disregard for tenure.

In Beidelman's own case, the product of this long commitment and restraint is a fine ethnography of an East African "matrilineal" society. Several of the chapters appeared earlier in the form of papers, but they have been substantially reworked, and the book provides a cumulative series of insights into what the author terms the imagination of the Kaguru, the way in which people brought up in this particular cultural tradition make sense of their world. He explores ideas about time, death, history, sexuality, ancestors and witches, and pays especial attention to Kaguru folk-tales, where "Kaguru imagination goes furthest toward exploring the dangerous significance and possibilities of human feelings, motives, and conduct".

It must be said that in some ways the product

of Beidelman's hard-won maturity has a rather old-fashioned look. He has written a staid and timeless ethnography of a traditional, tribal people at a time when African studies are dominated by history. The real historical experience of the Kaguru, which includes the slave trade, German and British colonialism and Tanzanian independence, is virtually ignored, although Beidelman has in fact written on these questions with insight elsewhere. The restriction of focus to the "tribe" is especially problematic in the case of a people who evidently lack a political identity, and whose culture is fairly typical of those found throughout a well-documented province.

This brave indifference to contemporary fashion should not, however, mislead. Professor Beidelman is no middle-aged fogey. He is engaged with a central issue of modern anthropology, the problem of translation, of reformulating in a comprehensible way profoundly alien ideas. He shows that the Kaguru imagination is not a still mirror of social values but an individual resource, a mode of combat and assertion, and a means of reflection and even critical speculation. "Each Kaguru struggles to shape a meaningful and expressive world. The ceaseless struggle stems from a pathetic tension between the individual and others, and the culturally defined objects which they employ." This perspective, which he traces to Simmel, provides a salutary corrective to the prevailing, passive image of the alien imagination within anthropology.

The Flood of Silence

"What killed Pushkin was not d'Anthes' bullet;
what killed him was lack of air" — Alexander Blok
"What a devil's trick that I should be born with a soul
and talent in Russia" — Pushkin

On London nights, Decemberish, icy,
When streets and sky and Thames are all
One shimmering cloth, gold-stippled, pricey;
When the wind hardens to a wall
On corners where theatres glitter,
And words are tossed away like litter
While golden eggs lay pizza-chains
And burger-bars and video-games,
I think of you in Tsarskoe Selo,
Writing your ode to Liberty:
Bliss was it in that dawn to be
A dreamy, radical young fellow,
Saved from Yakutsk, if not from court,
By exile of a milder sort.

I think how silence spreads its rivers
Over unstable, swampy banks;
Even the bronze-wrapped horseman shivers
As bridges float away in planks.
A wave shines up a lamp-post's rigging;
First doors, then balconies are swigging
The muddy water, then the chimneys
Of plump St Isaac's; on it climbs . . .
Miraculously, we can hear you
Still, as if you were a bird
— Art with an olive-sprig; absurd
Image that surely fails to cheer you
As you gaze out of Leningrad,
Your mausoleum, huge and sad.

You built your ark, although the rising
Flood was almost at your throat
— A speedy, shapely, un-capsizing
Twentieth-century language-boat;
But still the future's uncreated,
And writers with an elevated
Sense of buoyancy tend to drown
In deaths as airless as your own.
Brave actor, forced to play the gallant,
When, in that proud, possessive place,
Adultery giggled in your face,
You died, having bemoaned your talent,
In shallow rivers of your blood
— Though you survive the greater flood.

CAROL RUSSELL

The local and the textual

Nigel Barley

JAMES CLIFFORD and GEORGE E. MARCUS
(Editors)
Writing Culture: The poetics and politics of ethnography
305pp. University of California Press.
Paperback, \$9.95.
0520 05729 5

Writing Culture cannot be regarded without a measure of irony. It is the record of a conference held with all the panoply of the most conservative academic tradition, yet vigorously denouncing the institutional and literary framework within which anthropology exists. For anthropology is not held to produce understanding (albeit flawed), or explanation (albeit partial), or even interpretation (albeit inadequate): it simply produces texts. These are shaped by the unseen hand of the ethnographer, who creates and sustains the entity he studies, using identifiable tropes to convince, calling upon institutional forms of authority to dominate, and presenting the whole within an alien political and historical framework. The whole enterprise, in fact, is heavily structured in advance.

It may seem strange that few anthropologists would deny out of hand such apparently serious allegations. It is only change that makes us aware of the structures in which we live and the discipline has undergone considerable change in recent years. The cover of this work, showing Stephen Tyler as a field-worker, indignantly writing notes against the background of a bored "local", testifies to the acceptance of a powerful autobiographical element in the encounter with other cultures.

The essays range from detailed textual dissection to grandiose visions of future metamorphoses of the subject. Several authors feel obliged to apologize that this is not explicitly a feminist book, and laid their text with the use of *she* to render "sex-unspecified human". A summary of some contributions will best give the flavour of the whole.

Mary Louise Pratt convincingly teases out the threads of "arrival stories", showing the intellectual genealogy of these introductory chapters of classical monographs and the subtle preconceptions that lurk in them. Vincent Crapanzano offers us close analysis of Calin, Grothe and Guertz: "The authors are challenged, and all make use of many different rhetorical strategies for convincing the reader and presumably themselves, of the accuracy of their descriptions." Predictably, Guertz does not hold up under close scrutiny. R. Rosaldo makes an ambitious comparison of Evans-Pritchard's *The Nuer* (anthropologically approved) with Le Roy Ladurie's *Montauillon* (anthropologically scorned), and shows both to be guilty of disconcertingly similar acts of violence against their subject-matter, of hijacking the identities of others to force them into a pastoralist mould. This is merely condescension and nostalgia for lost innocence.

This theme is taken up later by James Clifford, who also writes the introduction to the

volume. The basic concept here is that of "allegory". Ethnography, through both its subject-matter and form evokes morally charged stories of a cosmological nature. Thus, in the Margaret Mead/Derek Freeman controversy concerning Samoa, "Mead's 'experiment' in controlled cultural variation now looks less like science than allegory — a too sharply focused story of Samoa suggesting a possible America. Derek Freeman's critique ignores any properly literary dimensions in ethnographic work, however, and instead applies its own brand of scientism, inspired by recent developments in sociobiology." Clifford locates ethnography within the dominant allegory of pastoral regret: "Allegories of salvage are implied by the very practice of textualization that is generally assumed to be at the core of cultural description". The anthropologist, then, is interpretable as the preserver of something endangered and ultimately doomed, in an act of selfless paternalism.

The most authoritative essay is that of Paul Rabinow, who has moved in and out of a number of ethnographic genres. Succumbing to an inevitable temptation, he turns textualist critiques against their own practitioners — asking that self-reflexive anthropology become indeed self-reflexive. In so doing, he effectively writes his own counter-introduction to the book, in accordance with the "polyphonic" requirements of his new tradition.

At first glance, James Clifford's work, like that of others in this volume, seems to follow naturally in the wake of Geertz's interpretive turn. There is, however, a major difference. Geertz (like the other anthropologists) is still directing his efforts to reinvent an anthropological science with the help of textual mediations. The core activity is still social description of the other, however, modified by new conceptions of discourse, author or text. The other for Clifford is the anthropological representation of the other. This means that Clifford is simultaneously more firmly in control of his project and more parasitical. He can invent questions with few constraints: he must constantly feed off others' texts.

Underneath the politeness one recognizes the "I was there — you weren't" invocation of ethnographic authority that makes the programmatic statements of Tyler and others in this volume sound like Orwell's "striptease performed in pink limelight". Indeed, Rabinow convicts textualists of using all the tricks of the ethnographic writer's trade, but, strangely, does so merely to excuse this as a blindness inspired by post-modernism.

The volume ends with a remarkably blind section by George Marcus on the institutional and career frameworks of ethnographic writing. Curiously undiscussed is the framework within which academic conferences are arranged and the necessity for academics to publish, regardless of the originality of the papers they give.

The last word goes to Rabinow:

The interpretive turn in anthropology has made its mark . . . but it is still not clear whether the deconstructive-semiotic . . . is a salutary loosening up, an opening for exciting new work of major import, or a tactic in the field of cultural politics to be understood primarily in sociological terms.

It cannot really be claimed that this book gives us the answer.

Into the garden, Maud

Penelope Hobhouse

MARY ELLIOT
Victorian Gardens
240pp. Batsford. £30.
0194 4783 X

Mary Elliot's book is the first serious work on Victorian gardens. It is both a reference book and an enjoyable and educational read. It also has some of the qualities of a detective story. Who influenced whom and who led the way in the garden? At the end of the book, horticultural giants such as Loudon, Paxton, Edmond Kemp, Blomfield and Robinson still dominate the scene; but they are placed in context: their ideas, writing and design schemes are shown as logical developments of what has come before rather than as lightning bolts of genius. Their own gardening decision and thought is traced in contemporary terms rather than seen through twentieth-century eyes.

Dr Elliot has most satisfactorily interwoven, in a logical sequence, the very diffuse strands of economic, social and commercial development which influenced Victorian gardening. At the time, the multiplication of plant introductions from all corners of the world was matched by an increase in the technical skills of growing and arranging plants. By the end of the century both owner and designer had to some extent been superseded by the professional head gardener. Elliot's thorough knowledge of the whole Victorian world, as well as his encyclopaedic knowledge of contemporary horticultural journals, ensures that he writes equally authoritatively and realistically when he extends his theme from architecture to plants and horticultural practice. Ideas and philosophy relating to garden design, derived in the eighteenth century from literature and painting, had to be adapted to a new age where everything seemed possible — from Paxton's magical Crystal Palace in 1851 to projects, in 1877, to enclose the Albert Memorial in a giant conservatory to protect it from pollution. During the Victorian era gardening was extravagant and exotic; a time of design eclecticism and experiment

when an individual's understanding of beauty became more important than any overall conception or discipline.

Stylistic terms used early in the period, such as picturesque, gardenesque and what Elliot calls transcendentalism, implying man's triumph over nature through his inventiveness, sometimes confuse as much as they edify. As scientific knowledge, cheap labour and wealth gave opportunity for experiment, so theories were freely adapted. Elliot traces the major trends in gardening fashion without excluding tangential forays to describe individual and sometimes eccentric forms of gardening. The influence of thematic gardens such as that at Biddulph Grange in Staffordshire, until recently in danger of decay but in 1986 acquired for conservation and restoration by the National Trust, is explored. Individual features from Biddulph were copied and adapted by designers such as Edward Kemp. By the 1860s the principle of separate enclosures and independent scenes linked by some overall allegory came to rival the Italianate schemes of Barry and Nesfield. Sir Geoffrey Jellicoe's twentieth-century philosophical and compartmental garden designs for Sutton Place near Guildford seem closely related, functioning, as Elliot says, "as digests of the history of civilization". The outline story of the last quarter of the century seems more familiar; in detail it clarifies the background to the much exaggerated Robinson/Blomfield feud. *Victorian Gardens* continues into the twentieth century in search of a truly English style.

Elliot's notes are excellent; the bibliography of both contemporary and modern sources is arranged impeccably and will be an essential *aide-memoire* to anyone involved in more research in the period. There are, however, editorial faults: it is difficult to relate notes to the relevant text and there are few colour illustrations, although some of the best of them are by E. Adveno Brooke from *The Gardens of England* (1857), seldom if ever reprinted. It would have been helpful if the plan of George Fleming's terraces at Bowood (which is extant), had been included so that the design ideas could be compared with the realization, as portrayed in Brooke's painting executed only a few years later.

Rus in suburbe

Alexander Urquhart

STEFAN BUCZACKI
Ground Rules for Gardeners: A practical guide to garden ecology
240pp. Collins. £12.95.
0007 21922 1

Among the many statistics in Stefan Buczacki's *Ground Rules for Gardeners*, a figure of 3,000 square kilometres is given for the area of the British landscape enclosed by private gardens. The number of nurseries which have sprung up to equip this ever-increasing garden acreage is almost certainly equalled by new publications on how to manage it. The best way to ensure a measure of originality in books concerned with general advice is to approach from an untired direction, and this is what Buczacki has done. Ecology is a word which has been so misused as to leave its true meaning obscure. Dr Buczacki reclaims it for science and redefines it simply as "what lives where and why". He anticipates objections to an ecological study of a man-made environment:

The gardener treads a narrow line between control and controlled; there is a limit to how far he can dictate his choice of plants, when he can sow and place them, and which he may place together . . . The garden is one of the most complex of habitats . . . and yet is one to which many of the basic principles of ecology have seldom been applied.

What follows is not, however, an examination of the ecosystem of those 3,000 square kilometres of British garden. Instead, Buczacki's concern is to examine the ecosystem that exists in the natural habitat of the plants we introduce to our gardens and to show that an understanding, and when possible a transposition, of the original conditions will result in a garden environment which contains healthy plants and avoids the excesses of artificiality. Buczacki's field explanations of the workings

of climate and soil are illustrated with elegant diagrams, graphs and charts; practical advice is well integrated, although there are times when the ecological connection seems forced.

The book looks superb: its proportions are good and its design follows the *Time-Life* pioneered format in which there are rarely more than two pages of text between excellent colour photographs and diagrams. Buczacki though has arranged a marriage between detailed technical explanation and traditional gardeners' technique, between plantsmanship and textbook botany. *Ground Rules for Gardeners* contains much fascinating information, but as with most such marriages there is a lack of natural cohesion.

Compost corner

Mark Ridley

MICHAEL CHINERY
Garden Creepy-Crawlers
172pp. Whitte Books. £5.95.
0905 483 44 8

Many gardeners will have overlooked the affairs of the great grey slug, but if you peer around your compost heap by torchlight on a summer night you should see them in pairs, spraying each other with slime and climbing vertical surfaces to suspend themselves in mid-air by a mucus rope. They should then coil together with "white genitalia oozing out from the front of each slug and becoming fan shaped". After the slugs have inseminated each other in a slimy hermaphrodite embrace, they separate back into the night.

Michael Chinery aims to draw the gardener's attention to this and other easily observed

Designer bloomers

Ruth Isabel Ross

ROY STRONG
Creating Small Gardens
144pp. Conran Octopus. 28-32, Shelton Street, Covent Garden, London WC2. £10.95.
185029 067 9

Roy Strong has a fundamentalist approach to garden design. As an art historian he is inspired by Renaissance architects who designed house and garden as a unity. In a small garden, as in a great one, design should come from the house; overall unity should be the aim. As Sir Roy is a "design gardener" he is relaxed about the choice of plants. There should be plenty of them, overplanted and in harmonizing soft colours. But they should be pulled together by a strong framework and a very few well-chosen features. An elegant seat, a rose-covered arbour or a cone of topiary is helpful as a focal point.

Strong is discerning about garden ornaments, warning us to be wary of statues. One ornament is enough for a small garden; he suggests a stone ball, a pineapple finial or a large ornamental terracotta jar. There is a sensible section about container plants, so attractive when well tended yet so tiresome to maintain. Face up to your weaknesses, the author suggests, before launching into pot plants.

Academe in Eden

Allen Paterson

PATRICK GOODE and MICHAEL LANCASTER
(Editors)
The Oxford Companion to Gardens
635pp. Oxford University Press. £29.50.
019 866123 1

A glance at the first and last entries in *The Oxford Companion to Gardens* shows that it might be more exactly described as a companion to garden design.

Aalto, Alvar (1898-1976), Finnish architect, designer and artist. In addition to being one of the greatest architects of the modern movement, Aalto made notable contributions to garden and landscape design . . .

Zug, Szymon Bogumil (1733-1807), was the most influential and energetic propagandist of the English picturesque garden among the Polish neo-classical architects of the 1770s and 80s.

The blurb reinforces this view with the information that the book

takes as its subject the history and design of gardens all over the world from the earliest known examples to the present day, and is the first comprehensive reference work of its kind. It is a descriptive account of actual gardens in all their manifestations and of the elements involved in their making, rather than a practical manual on how to design and maintain a garden.

It is only recently that past and present gar-

den design has attained the eminence of an academic discipline, but the *Companion* does fulfil a real current need. The book's 1,500 entries describe over 700 gardens as well as giving technical terms and biographical information; 174 expert contributors are listed; and it is indicative of how long the work has been in process that the first editor, Peter Hunt, and a number of his colleagues, have sadly not lived to see their contributions published.

Sir Geoffrey and Lady Jellicoe are consultant editors and Michael Lancaster and Patrick Goode the executive editors. In all the Jellicoes' preface to *Academe in Eden*, the introduction it is emphasized that the concern is for garden design as an art-form and as "one of the major contributions to the visual arts".

The main difficulty has been the selection of material, and in this the stated choice has been the avoidance of gardens, often important from a horticultural standpoint, which are judged as being "neither representative of a trend nor outstanding in their own right for the quality of their design"; the book is intended to counterbalance the emphasis on plantsmanship and horticulture which is usually the main concern in this sort of work.

Entries on plants are so brief and generalized that perhaps they would best have been omitted entirely. To be told that "the herbaceous or Chinese peony is native throughout Eurasia" is remarkably vague, while under "Heather, an evergreen shrub, often dwarf, belonging to the Heath family (Ericaceae) and characterized mainly by its growth requirement of an acid soil" we learn that of the southern African species "Many . . . will survive in sheltered locations out of doors in Northern Europe". This is surely inaccurate. Then come listed species native to the British Isles, about which far too little information is given. Again, in order to avoid the horticultural, no account has been taken of changes in the meaning of terms since they were first coined: it is right that herbaceous borders should be shown to have pre-Robinsonian and Jekyllian origins, but surely today's Bressingham extension into island beds is significant enough in terms of design to warrant inclusion.

However, in spite of these difficulties the *Companion* is a splendid addition to the shelves of anyone interested, historically, socially and artistically, in gardens and garden-making. Some areas, such as gardens in Africa and other "new" lands, have not been previously discussed; and brought together by cross-reference for the first time are comments on all the major gardening countries, east and west. Disappointingly, the book is poorly illustrated.

John C. Little

TLS Listings

A comprehensive weekly selection of new and forthcoming books received by the TLS

The TLS Listings provides full publication details of those books received each week by the TLS which seem to fall within the main interests of our readers. Children's books, foreign-language books and paperback reprints of recent works are not, however, included. Publishers are asked to ensure that they let us have all the necessary information, including price and publication date.

Anthropology

DeVos, George A., and Takao Sofue, editors *Religion and the Family in East Asia* (Cambridge UP, 1986). £13.50 (paperback). 0 520 05762 7.

Stocking, George W., Jr. *Malinowski, Rivers, Benedict and Others: Essays on culture and personality* (History of Anthropology, vol. 4) (Madison: Wisconsin UP, 1977). £25. 0 299 10730 2. 3/3/87.

Architecture

Goodwin, Geoffrey *A History of Ottoman Architecture* (1st pub. 1971) (Thames and Hudson, 1986). £14.95 (paperback). 0 500 27429 0. 2/3/87.

Saunders, Matthew *The Historic House Owner's Companion* (Barnard, 1971). £14.95. 0 7134 4230 1. 2/3/87.

Art

Kubovy, Michael *The Psychology of Perspective and Renaissance Art* (Cambridge UP, 1986). £27.50/£39.50. 0 521 25376 4. 1/2/87.

Mango, Maria *Mundell Silver from Early Byzantium: The Kapor Koron and related treasures* (Baltimore: Walters Art Gallery, 1986). £14.95. 0 91886 32 X.

Perloff, Marjorie *The Futurist Movement: Avant-garde, avant-garde, and the language of rupture* (Chicago UP, 1986). £22.25. 0 226 65731 0. 3/3/87.

Schweikert, Gunter *Der Codex Welfer: Zeichnungen nach der Antike von Arnico Aspertini* (Studies of the Warburg Institute, vol. 38) (Warburg Institute, University of London, 1986). £20. 0 85461 064 1.

Shadwell, Doris Bill Reid *Vancover: Douglas and McIntyre, 1922-1925* (0 85894 502 X).

Spender, Stephen, photographs by David Finn *In Brian's Garden with Henry Moore's Sculpture* (Thames and Hudson, 1986). £8.50 (paperback). 0 500 27410 X. 3/3/87.

Stephens, Suzanne, editor *Building the New Museum Architectural League of New York/Princeton Architectural Press, UK dist. Architectural Press, 90pp., illus. £12.95 (paperback). 0 9104133 9. 3/2/87.*

Strong, Roy *Clonians: The portraits of Queen Elizabeth I* (Thames and Hudson, 180pp., illus. £18. 0 500 25098 7. 2/3/87).

Theophilus, edited and translated by C. R. Dodwell *The Veronese Arts (De Delveris Artibus)* (Oxford Medieval Texts series) (Oxford: Clarendon, 178pp., £35. 0 19 822206 8. 1/2/87).

Vickers, Michael, editor *Pots and Pans: A colloquium on precious metals and ceramics in the Muslim, Chinese and Graeco-Roman worlds* (Studies in Islamic Art III) (Oxford UP, 233pp., illus. £15 (paperback). 0 19 728005 6 (hc). 0 19 728006 4 (pb). 2/3/87).

Wind, Edgar *The Eloquence of Symbols: Studies in humanist art* (Oxford: Clarendon, 135pp., plates. £27.50. 0 19 817341 5. 1/2/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Wittkower, Rudolf *Allegory and the Migration of Symbols: The collected essays of Rudolf Wittkower* (1st pub. 1977) (Thames and Hudson, 233pp., illus. £8.95 (paperback). 0 500 27470 3. 2/3/87).

Danilova, Alexandra *Choura: The memoirs of Alexandra Danilova* (Dance Books, 213pp., £12.95. 0 903102 97 8. 2/3/87).

Dang, Francis *Making the Man Called Deng Majok: A biography of power, polygyny, and change* (Yale UP, 254pp., £24.95. 0 300 03385 0. 1/2/87).

Edinger, Elizabeth *Rosa Luxemburg: A life* (Harvard, 286pp., £9.95. 0 8070 7006 8. 3/3/87).

Ferguson, Robert *Enigma: The life of Knut Hamsun* (Hutchinson, 433pp., £19.95. 0 167130 2. 3/3/87).

Howard, Anthony *Rab: The life of R. A. Butler* (Cape, 422pp., illus. £15. 0 224 01862 0. 9/3/87).

Jenkins, Roy *Baldwin* (Collins, 244pp., £12.95. 0 00 217586 X. 2/3/87).

Marchand, Leslie A. *Byron: A portrait* (The Cresset Library, 1st pub. 1971) (Century Hutchinson, 518pp., £7.95 (paperback). 0 09 170851 6. 4/3/87).

Santayana, George, edited by William G. Holzberger and Herman J. Santkamp, Jr., introduction by Richard C. Lyon *Persons and Places: Fragments of autobiography, critical edition* (The Works of George Santayana, vol. 1) (MIT, 761pp., £24.95. 0 262 19238 1).

Weich, Danton, edited by Michael De-la-Noy *Fragments of a Life Story: The collected short writings of Danton Weich* (King Penguin, 583pp., £5.95/£14.95 (paperback). 0 14 00620 4. 2/3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Wright, William Lillian *Hellman: The image, the woman* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 307pp., £15. 0 283 99446 0. 3/87).

Rubens, Bernice *Mate in Three* (1st pub. 1966) (Hutchinson, 244pp., £10.95. 0 241 12124 8. 9/3/87).

Rubens, Bernice *Set on Edge* (1st pub. 1960) (Hutchinson, 222pp., £10.95. 0 241 12123 X. 9/3/87).

Rumens, Carol *Plato Park* (Canto and Windsor, 212pp., £10.95. 0 7011 3202 X. 9/3/87).

Salter, James *A Sport and a Pastime* (1st pub. in US) (Cape, 191pp., £9.95. 0 224 02866 9. 3/3/87).

Shreve, Susan *Richards Queen of Hearts* (Michael Joseph, 354pp., £10.95. 0 7181 2796 X. 1/2/87).

Stephens, John H. *Polly Andrew: Are men really necessary?* (Leves: Book Guild, 175pp., £8.50. 0 86332 185 2).

Tappay, William G. *A Rodent of Doubt: Alimony* (Brady Coyne's fourth case (Crime Club) Collins, 206pp., £8.95. 0 00 232094 0. 2/3/87).

Thomson, June *No Flowers, by Request* (Constable Crime) (Constable, 220pp., £8.95. 0 09 467630 X. 2/3/87).

Verma, Nirmal Maya *Darpan and Other Stories* (Three Crowns Books) (Oxford UP, 238pp., £1.95/Rs. 40 (paperback). 0 19 561872 6. 2/3/87).

Weldon, Fay *The Heart of the Country* (Hutchinson, 199pp., £8.95. 0 09 167090 X. 3/87).

Wodehouse, P. G. *Cocktail Time* (1st pub. 1950) (Penguin, 222pp., £2.50/£5.95 (paperback). 0 14 008505 X. 2/3/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).

Yorke, Margaret *Evidence to Destroy* (Hutchinson, 239pp., £9.95. 0 09 168320 3. 1/2/87).